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THEY.

BEFORE saying a word upon the subject, I must make an apology similar to that presented by honest Andro Symson, episcopal minister of a Galloway parish before the Revolution, when, in singing the praises of Sir David Dunbar of Baldoon, he says, his muse

—against Priscian avers.
He, HE ALONE, were my parishioners.

As good Andro's congregation of one required to be spoken of in the plural, so do my friends THEY need to be mentioned in the singular number. The truth is, THEY is a collective ideality, a most potent plural unit, who does a great many remarkable things in the world, without ever being called to account for them, and without any body knowing very distinctly who or what he is. I venture to say, that hardly a subject of his Majesty does not, day by day, refer events and deeds to the agency of THEY, and yet never has presumed, to this blessed hour, to consider who this mysterious personage—this great unknown—this finer spirit than Ariel—can be. In very truth, he is a most impalpable being, and susceptible of a wonderful variety of shapes. There is no height of greatness, and no depth of degradation, which he may not arrive at. Sometimes, one would suppose that he is the Government itself—sometimes, only a Town Council. One of THEY's employments is the disposal of criminals. "Are THEY going to hang this fellow?" one man will ask another. "Perhaps THEY will only banish him," is the probable answer. If the culprit be not decently and humanely looked, the people get dreadfully enraged at THEY, and look as if they would almost tear his eyes out. THEY also has a great deal to do in public works. "Why did THEY make the road so crooked?" "THEY have put up a very absurd set of street lamps, I see." "What, in wonder's name, do THEY mean by building a temple up there, like a boy's peerie, or an hour-glass?" Then THEY is the author of all kinds of rumours and surmises. "They say—what say they—let them say!" is an inscription on a wall within Aberdeen Cathedral, four hundred years old; and I do not doubt that THEY would have given currency to scandals regarding the mother of mankind herself, in Paradise, if there had been any other lady to tell them to—or if THEY had then existed. Old newspapers say, "THEY write from St Petersburg that the Empress Catharine is about to fit out an armament for the Caspian." "THEY talk at Rome of a change of counsels in the Vatican." Modern quidnuncs are also filled to the brim with things which THEY has been circulating. "They are now making out Lord — to be non compos." "THEY will have a marriage to be on the tapis between So and So and So and So; personages, by the way, who claim a sort of kindred with THEY, and certainly are of imagination all compact. THEY is sometimes admired for his power, sometimes blamed for his stinginess. "THEY used to write capital solid books longago." "THEY used Burns very ill when he was alive." It certainly was bad of THEY to treat Burns so scurvily; but unfortunately the fellow is so utterly impersonal, that we blame without knowing what we are doing.

THEY has a great deal to do with the naming of things. He may be called, in arithmetical language, the *Gross Denominator*. Indeed, I do not believe that Adam himself named more things than THEY. "What do THEY call this place?" one will ask a coachman, on nearing a town, village, or gentleman's seat. "THEY call it Ashbourne," or whatever else, is the reply. "What do THEY call ye?" is the ordinary question of a rustic boy to his unknown companion, and so forth. THEY is also the grand censor of all things which happen in the world. "I will not do this, for what would THEY say of me?" is a common expression, when a man he-

sitates upon some equivocal step. He may be convinced, from irrefragable data, of the propriety of what he contemplates; but then he could not convince THEY of it, and, of course, in these circumstances, he must let the scheme drop. THEY thus prevents many things that would be bad, many things that would be only strange, and many things that would certainly be good, if he could be convinced of it. A most uncompromising fellow is this THEY! He knows very well that he cannot enter into another man's bosom, to see all the various reasons and tendencies which lead him towards the thing he aims at; but, nevertheless, presuming that he is quite omniscient, or at least fully as well acquainted with every other particular man's business as his own, he never hesitates to give a decided contradiction to any proposal he is not, at first sight, pleased with. Many are the good original schemes which THEY has spoilt, from a hasty conclusion without premises.

THEY, also, amidst all his multitudinous and most Protean varieties of character, is a general scapegoat for all the mischief that is done in a household. "I see THEY have cracked that decanter." "THEY have at last made an end of the globe in the lobby." Or, as I once heard said by the lady of a house afflicted with a breaking woman-servant—"I declare THEY have broken the very kitchen poker!"—a compound fracture, too, it was. Such are a few of the doings of THEY in his household capacity; and it must be owned that, in this light, he is very great, and often comes aboveboard. The grandest aspect, however, in which THEY ever appears, is when he stands up as a representative of the government of the country. "THEY are going, I see, to bring us into a war with France." "THEY intend, it seems, to resume cash payments at the Bank." No matter whether the affair refers to privilege or prerogative; no matter for the claims of the particular officer under whose hands it ought to fall; King, Lords, Commons, Treasury, Admiralty, and Horse Guards—all melt, like mixed colours, into the single white light of THEY! Things may be different under the Reform Bill; but, heretofore, there has hardly been any precise government but THEY. THEY crowns the king—signs the orders of council—passes all bills through the Legislature, that will go through—fits out armies, and rigs fleets—makes war, and concludes peace—is church and state—Swing and the Press. THEY is a being of past history, and of present existence—a tyrant, or the people. THEY is the great despot pronoun of the world!

TRUST TO YOURSELF.

THIS is a glorious principle for the industrious and trading classes of the community; and yet the philosophy of it is not perhaps understood so well as it ought to be.

There is hardly any thing more common in the country than to hear men spoken of who originally, or at some period of their lives, were rich, but were ruined by "security"—that is, by becoming bound to too great an extent for the engagements of their neighbours. This must arise in a great measure from an imperfect understanding of the question; and it therefore seems necessary that something should be said in explanation of it.

I would be far from desiring to see men shut up their hearts against each other, and each stand, in the panoply of his own resolutions, determined against every friendly appeal whatsoever. It is possible, however, to be not altogether a churl, and yet to take care lest we be tempted into an exertion of benevolence, dangerous to ourselves, while it is of little advantage to our friends.

Notwithstanding the many ties which connect a man with society, he nevertheless bears largely imprinted on his forehead the original doom, that he must chiefly be dependent on his own labour for subsistence. It is found by all men of experience, that, in so far as one trusts to

his own exertions solely, he will be apt to flourish; and, in so far as he leans and depends upon others, he will be the reverse. Nothing can give so good a general assurance of well-doing as the personal activity of the individual, day by day exerted for his own interest. If a man, on the contrary, suddenly finds, in the midst of such a career, a prospect of some patronage which seems likely to enrich him at once, or if he falls into the heritage of some antiquated claims to property or title, which he thinks it necessary to prosecute, it is ten to one that he declines from that moment, and is finally ruined. The only true way to make a happy progress through this world, is to go on in a dogged, persevering pursuit of one good object, neither turning to the right nor to the left, making our business as much as possible our pleasure, and not permitting ourselves to awake from our dream of activity—not permitting ourselves to think that we have been active—till we suddenly find ourselves at the goal of our wishes, with fortune almost unconsciously within our grasp.

Now, it is a most violent and unhappy disturbance of this system, to be always poking about after large favours from friends, whether for the purpose of adding fuel to what we think a good fire, or preserving a bad one from extinction. All that is obtained in this way is obtained against the very spirit of correct business, and is likely to be only mischievous to both parties. In the first place, it is probable that we shall not make such a good use of money got thus in a slump, without being painfully and gradually won, as of that which is the acquisition of our own daily industry. Then, it is always a presumption against a man that he should require such subsidies; and, accordingly, his commercial reputation is apt to suffer from every request he makes. Next, to consider the case in reference to the friend from whom the demand is made, it is obviously a most unfair thing, that, when men find it so necessary to be cautious in adventuring money on unusual risks, even for their own interest, and are, in such circumstances, so strongly called upon to make themselves acquainted with every circumstance of the case before venturing—when, moreover, they only do so in the prospect of an unusual profit—I say it is unfair, that, when they only adventure money on their own account under these circumstances, they should be called upon occasionally to adventure it for the profit of a friend, without knowing anything of the likelihood of its turning out well, without being able to take any of those expedients which they would use in their own case for insuring its eventual re-appearance, without the least chance of profit to compensate the risk—trusting the whole, in fact, to the uncertain and hidden sea of another man's mind, when perhaps they would not trust it upon their own, with a full knowledge of soundings, tide, wind, and pilotage. Men may grant such favours, from their dislike to express such a want of confidence in a friend as a refusal is supposed to intimate. But this proceeds upon the erroneous principle that the refusal indicates want of confidence. In reality, it ought only to be held as indicating a want of confidence in the particular line of use upon which it is to be adventured. When the man now wanting the loan of money expresses himself as certain to reproduce it at the proper time, he pledges too much of his honour; for there cannot be a stronger proof of the unlikelihood of his having money then than his wanting it now, so that the uncertainty of the reproduction of the sum could never be greater. The person from whom it is demanded is entitled, therefore, to take care that the petitioner is not deceiving both himself and the individual whom he wishes to supply his necessities.

Humanity—kindred—friendship—have many claims; and these will always be considered and answered by a man of good feelings. All that is here contended for, is

the inconsistency of a system of large accommodations with just business, as well as with the real interests of either of the two parties concerned. Upon the whole, a man will not only be obliging himself in the best manner, but he will also be obliging society in a higher degree than he otherwise could do, if he simply looks well after himself, so that he never requires a favour. Let no man be unduly alarmed at the outcry of "selfishness;" it is the only principle which can ever become nearly general, and therefore the only one which can be equal or impartial in its action. When this cry is raised, let the petitioned party always take pains to consider whether he in reality is the selfish person—whether the odium of that bad feeling does not indeed rather lie with the petitioner, who is content, for the purpose of saving himself some present inconvenience, or otherwise advantaging himself, to bring a portion of his friend's substance into hazard—for hazard, of course, there always is, whenever money leaves the possession of its owner, and in hardly any kind of adventure is it ever in greater peril than when lent, or engaged for, in this manner, without the prospect of a profit. It is, in a great measure, a mere error arising from want of reflection, to suppose that there can only be inhumanity on the part of the individual who refuses to lend or become bound. Inhumanity, of course, there may often be in such refusals; but is there to be no sympathy, on the other hand, for the friend betrayed? Are we only to have pity for the man who wants money—no matter through what causes he wants it—in March, and none for him who is called upon to undertake the risk of having to pay it in June, to his grievous inconvenience? Does pity only acknowledge the present tense, and not the future? Is it so silly a passion that it only feels for the present wants of an individual who goes a-borrowing, and has no regard to the contingent sorrows of him who, without fault of his own, but with every merit to the contrary, is beguiled into a ruin he did not purchase, in the ineffectual attempt, perhaps, to save one who, supposing him to be personally as worthy, was at least the only person with whom blame, if blame there be, can in such a case be said to rest.

SUMMARY.—Fortune is most easily and most certainly to be won by your own unaided exertions. Therefore, depend as little as possible upon prospects of advantages from others, all of whom, you will find, have enough to do with themselves. Be liberal, affable, and kind; but, knowing that you cannot do more injury to society than by greatly injuring yourself, exercise a just caution in giving way to the solicitations of your friends. Never be too ready to convince yourself that it is right to involve yourself largely, in order to help any person into a particular station in society; rather let him begin at the bottom, and he will be all the better fitted for his place, when he reaches it, by having fought his way up through the lower stages.

THE VICTIM OF FACILITY

As an illustration of the preceding little essay, we subjoin the memoirs of a person in real life, with which we have been supplied by a friend. We regret to be informed that the name alone is fictitious.

Heron of Bearcroft was the son of a clergyman in a remote part of Scotland, and, consequently, cannot be considered to have been born to great expectations; but the church, however poor in Scotland, is one of the few outlets for the families of men respectfully born. Heron happened to be well connected, and by one accident and another, had, before he was thirty, succeeded, first to the farm and property of an uncle, considered worth about fifteen thousand pounds, and, thereafter, to the estate of another relative, which, in those good days, sold for at least fifteen thousand more. Here, one would think, was a princely fortune for a man born to no expectation whatever; and so it might have proved, had the possessor not been the most facile of human beings. Being unmarried, and known to be possessed of a fortune, he had many friends and visitors; and at length persons who at first considered it an honour to be received in his house, and who perhaps ought never to have been received in it, now lived and boarded there. The poor man, naturally social, though by no means riotous, was pleased with seeing people happy about him, and with hearing all their doings related as such high things. Affecting to remain unchanged by his good fortune, he still continued to occupy his uncle's farm; and pretending it did not suit a poor farmer to sport wine (which in these days, as the saying is, *was wine*), whisky was the only acknowledged drink of the house; though an impudent dog, by getting possession of the keys, might dig out a bottle of excellent port on occasion, or by going to the very bin he was forbidden to go to, perhaps one

of claret or Burgundy. For the general drink of the house there was a punchon like a grocer's store-cask in the cellar, and a barrel of sugar, with a spade in it, hard by. There were no regular dinners, nor invitations, but there were very regular companies; and it was as regularly the rule that no company went on the day on which it came, if indeed for several days. In all events, come as they might, and stay as they might, poor Heron was too polite not to say he was glad to see them, and almost too good-natured not to feel it. The consequences may be anticipated: late nights made bad morning men; and a bad morning man is a bad farmer. The farm was not only left to servants, but to servants satisfied they were under no effectual superintendence. The good-natured man not only kept an open house, but almost an open purse. He took payments as they were offered—conceiving every body to be honourable, as he was. He felt happy in having it in his power to oblige a friend, or to do a good action. He would take an acknowledgement or an obligation for money lent, if offered; but to exact it, or to dictate terms, would have been to doubt the honour of the parties. It may be supposed that in this way the fortune, which he conceived infinite, and which, indeed, would have been so to him, soon began to draw towards a limit. He saw it; but with an infatuation entirely common in higher men, but easily explicable in their circumstances, though not so in his, he could not think of being so rude as desire people to cease to devour his substance, who had been accustomed to it. I even recollect hearing, that, being in the market one day, and receiving one hundred pounds, a bet was taken, and, I am sorry to add, gained, that he could not refuse the loan of the money, though he was known himself to require it at the time. The person walked up, and, with some ridiculous preface, requested the loan. "Certainly, Sir," said the infatuated man, drawing it from his pocket, and giving it. The bet was gained, but I do not recollect that it was added that the money was returned!

In a few years this person was a beggar; and, having strongly in him the feelings of a gentleman, he was in a situation much more deplorable than that of most beggars. To prevent personal inconvenience, or to promote their own interests, some professional men, who had known him in his better days, had his property placed under sequestration; and upon making the inspection usual in such circumstances, the state of things was deplorable. The furniture in the house was in a state of the greatest dilapidation, from the constant scenes of coarse revelry that had so long prevailed in it. All the servants were worthless as such, either from the total want of selection originally, or the habitual want of any rational superintendence. The horses and other stock, though most probably kept at much more expense than necessary, were almost in a starving state; but this was explained, by finding, on inspecting the barn, several bolls of grain, of different descriptions, stowed away among the straw, obviously deposited there by some servant for the purpose of being carried off, and either abstracted from the mangers of the unfortunate animals, or deposited there instead of being carried to them. In short, all was ruin and dilapidation. A proper overseer being appointed, the farm assumed a very different aspect in a short time. The stock, being originally good, though abused, revived as by magic; the house was cleaned out; the furniture repaired and cleaned, with a view to sale; the servants even assumed a conduct and aspect as different as was the management of them; and, in short, all looked cheerful and prosperous, as it might always have been. The master only was unchangeable, or rather sunk into greater dejection. When the proper persons went to take possession of his house, he was found sitting at dinner. He had always been himself temperate, both in eating and drinking. His substance had been dissipated wholly by others. Persons in respectable circumstances had long ceased to visit him. He had no longer any suitable entertainments to give, or even the means of giving them suitably. His tableware had been destroyed, and not replaced; the knives and forks even had failed; and the servants, either overworked or careless, having no changes of table-linen, or deeming the guests unworthy of it, had ceased to think of supplying, or, at least, of cleaning it. Still he had guests! and when the persons above mentioned entered to strip him of every thing, he was sitting, in the utmost dejection it is true, with some beef and mutton bones before him, both in the same cracked dish, but denying their remains to guests, who seemed, by their pertinacious adherence, determined to devour his last morsel.

These were all, as may be supposed, persons in desperate circumstances. They had received largely of this person's money to assist in their different schemes of

life, but, instead of attending to their affairs, had preferred idleness and the hospitality of his house. Of course, they had not only never returned his money, but had in addition quartered themselves in his house; and it is questionable if they would not have considered abstaining to share his last crust a species of ingratitude!—a turning their backs upon their friend in his adversity! Be that as it may, there they were, and there they would have remained, had they not been brushed away by the same hand that removed their entertainer, and placed him on a temporary allowance, barely enabling him to support existence, in a quarter remote from all their usual haunts.

He came to Edinburgh, and there I had often occasion to see him; for having in his prosperous days warned him of the ruin that was coming upon him, he thought I must be able to devise some mode of alleviating it, now that it had happened. This, however, was impossible. The man who had proved so utterly incapable of managing his own affairs, could not be considered fit to be entrusted with those of others. He could not labour; "and to beg he was ashamed." A small annuity, to be purchased by the bounty of those he had obliged, was the only thing that appeared possible in the circumstances. This was at first thought well of, for it was certain that many persons now in prosperous circumstances had received largely from him; and there being no vouchers of their debts, and, from this, no chance of their being recovered in the usual way, and for behoof of the creditors, it was hoped the subscription would be certain and liberal. Some of these persons did subscribe, in appearance liberally beyond their circumstances; but this led to inquiries, which showed that they had merely acted as decoys; and that though he had taken no vouchers of actual debt from them, they had taken very sufficient guarantees against being called upon for any part of these unreal subscriptions! In short, the scheme entirely failed, and with it all the poor man's hopes. Even the pittance allowed by his creditors, was, it is said, withheld by their agent, or so negligently paid, that the object of their bounty often wanted even the bread they would have given him. As he sometimes stole to my residence in an evening, he at last mentioned these things; but as he seemed to feel keenly that they impeached his own prudence in times past, and his energy even now, he only muttered them through his teeth, as if his heart could not supply him strength to give them suitable utterance. His refusal to do justice to himself in any thing, must at last have cooled all who wished him well; or, though his own hospitality had been taxed so unceremoniously, he must at last have declined to accept of any. Having confined himself at least on pretence of a severe cold, which, from inanition, and want of fire or covering, in an inclement season, he had doubtless caught, he appeared to have been forgotten. The consequences were melancholy. In a few weeks I was summoned to his funeral! and he appeared to have died from the want of every comfort, or even necessary. He had neither had covering, food, nor fire, nor the means of procuring them! though he had never complained, nor would ever allow an exertion to be made for him—till too late. Then it was made without consulting him, but also without avail; and a man of an Herculean frame, and robust constitution, of temperate habits, and in possession of affluence, and never personally expensive in any thing; whose general information was extensive, his perceptions, as concerned others, clear, and his observations even keen and searching; who in this way shewed that he had a very tolerable head, and whose heart was in the last degree honourable and affectionate; who had, in short, no fault so prominent as to excite observation, except an inexplicable FACILITY—this man, at the age of fifty-five, died a beggar, deserted and despised, with an exhausted constitution and a broken heart!

It would be painful even to think what must have been the feelings of this man when he lay down, as he doubtless did, abandoning all hope so far as this world was concerned, and desirous only to have done with it, and with existence. What a retrospect must have risen up to him, of comfort lost, and opportunities of doing good neglected; of money squandered, not only without doing good, but to the encouragement of idleness, dissipation, and every worthless propensity; assisting only the most unworthy and ungrateful, and depriving himself, by his overconfidence, of even the means of punishing them!—In short, of fortune and comfort lost, and talents misapplied. The man who is precipitated from fortune in spite of every honourable endeavour to the contrary, has some consolation in the reflection that he has done the best; but the thoughtless squanderer has no consolation. Reflection only embitters every misery; and unless he is of a mould very different from what is common in such cases, he sees no hope but in having done with life and consciousness together.

POPULAR INFORMATION ON SCIENCE.

ATTRACTION.

THE word attraction is employed to denote that power or force by which all kinds of matter, whether of the size of atoms or of worlds, are drawn towards each other. There is, perhaps, no law of nature which produces phenomena so universally and continually presented to our observation, as attraction. If we lift our eyes to the starry heavens, and observe the motion, or, as Milton terms it, the "mystic dance" of these shining orbs, we find it, like an invisible rein, curbing them in their amazing journeys through the trackless ether, and compelling them to deviate from the rectilinear or straightforward course in which they would otherwise run, and wheel in a circular manner round some other body, the centre of their orbits of motion. Or if we turn our attention to the globe we inhabit, we find it drawing down to the earth again the stone which we have thrown into the air, or we see it forming into a globule the little drop of dew which hangs like an appropriate gem upon the delicate leaf of a flower. Or we see two contiguous drops upon the same spray, when brought near to each other, but still situated at a distance sufficient to be discerned by the eye, at last suddenly rush together and become one. Or we can detect its operations in uniting a few simple substances in various proportions, and producing the wonders of vegetable organization in infinite variety and never failing symmetry! How sublime, yet how simple; how minute, yet how comprehensive and magnificent is this law!—at once exercising a power over the smallest atoms around us, while at the same time it is determining the revolutions of the gigantic and innumerable orbs that roll throughout the universe; a height and a depth, a breadth and a length of existence, which imagination in vain attempts to picture, or reason to calculate.

"That very law which moulds a tear
And bids it trickle from its source,
That law preserves the earth a sphere,
And guides the planets in their course."—ROBERTSON.

This law is indispensable for the preservation and existence of the present order of things; and it would not be difficult to show, that the suspension of it, even with respect to a single star, would, in course of time, spread disorder and anarchy throughout the universe. But its inviolable operation is the certainty of destiny. Without this unchangeableness, philosophy would be only a doctrine of chances; but eclipses for thousands of years to come, for instance (supposing our world were to remain as it is for that period), can be calculated upon without fear of error, almost to the beat of the stop-watch!

The subject of attraction naturally separates itself into two grand divisions. There is, first, the attraction which is exercised by masses of matter, situated at sensible distances from each other; and, secondly, the attraction existing amongst the atoms constituting these masses, which takes place at insensible distances. These two heads are again subdivided, the former into the attractions of gravitation, electricity, and magnetism; and the latter into those of aggregation or cohesion; and chemical attraction or affinity. Many philosophers have supposed, and with some degree of plausibility, that all these varieties depend upon some ultimate power of matter, and may thus be reduced into one; yet as no conclusive argument has been adduced in support of the hypothesis, it is unnecessary to trouble the reader with speculative theories, even allowing that they are probably correct.

By gravitation is meant that power which draws the objects of the universe towards each other. The sublime genius of Newton, it is said, conceived the idea of universal attraction from the simple incident of an apple falling from a tree in his garden. May not, he reasoned, the power which draws this apple to the ground with unerring certainty, be the same as that which regulates the movements of the celestial systems. And so, following up this idea, he made a series of discoveries the most brilliant that ever adorned the annals of philosophy. He proved satisfactorily that what we term *weight* is nothing more than an instance of universal attraction, which decreases in intensity as we recede from the earth in distance. This, of course, suggested the idea that weight must be less on the tops of mountains, and in balloons, than at the sea shore, or on plains, which is the fact. What weighs 1000 lb. at the sea-shore, weighs five lbs. less at the top of mountains of a certain height, as is proved experimentally by a spring balance; and, at the distance of the moon, the weight or attraction towards the earth of 1000 lbs. is diminished to 5 ounces. This has been proved by astronomical tests.

Before proceeding further, it may be necessary to inform the reader of the manner in which gravitation operates on the simplest scale in regulating the movements of the unnumbered orbs which compose the system of the universe. All bodies have a tendency to continue in the state of *motion* or of *rest* in which they are put. In other words, bodies do not acquire motion, nor lose motion, nor change the kind or degree of their motion, unless some force or another be applied to them. This property, as it may be termed, is called in scientific language, the *inertia* of matter. For instance, when an arrow is shot from a bow, it would proceed onward through the infinity of space to all eternity, if some force did not curb its speed, and finally draw it to the earth. And what power is this? Plainly that of attraction. Besides, there is the resistance which the air offers to every

body heavier than itself passing through it. Now, space originally was a vast vacuity, we shall suppose, in which there being no matter, there could exist none of the laws of matter. When the Divine Creator brought into existence our own system, to take a familiar instance, he placed the sun in the centre, and endowed it, so to speak, with power and authority over all the other bodies within its range; they were compelled to pay obeisance to it like the surrounding aheaves to the central one in Joseph's dream. The lesser or subordinate orbs may be supposed, for the sake of illustration, to have been hurled from the plastic hands of the Deity in a straightforward course, in which they would for ever have moved, had not the sun possessed the power of attracting them to its centre, and compelling them to revolve round him. There was just as much attraction given as would keep them in their proper orbits of motion, and just that degree of impetus imparted which would prevent them from coalescing with the sun on the one hand, or departing beyond the sphere of his attraction on the other. With what wisdom, and yet with what simplicity, have not the "worlds been framed." To each of them the Creator has traced out its course. "Thus far shalt thou go and no farther." And they cannot for a moment cross the boundaries he has assigned.

"Lightnings and storms his mighty word obey,
And planets roll where he has marked the way."

To this principle we are also indebted for the flux and reflux of the tides, which, as is well known, are caused by the moon's attraction.

"For this the moon through heaven's blue concave glides,
And into motion charms the expanding tides;
While earth impetuous round her axle rolls,
Exalts her watery zone and sinks the poles."—FALCONER.

It is also the cause of the roundness of our earth, of the moon, the planets, and the sun itself. Hence it may be inferred that originally all matter was, to a certain extent, in a fluid state, and that at the divine behest the atoms were endowed with attractive qualities, by which they were impelled to a common centre; and thus the congregated masses assumed a globular form. At New South Wales, which is situated nearly opposite to England on the earth's surface, planets hang and stones fall towards the centre of the globe, just as they do here. And the people there are standing with their feet towards us; hence they are called our antipodes, from two Greek words—*anti* opposite, and *pódes* the feet. A plummet suspended near the side of a mountain will be attracted to it in a degree exactly proportioned to its magnitude. This fact was ascertained by Dr Maskeleyne near the mountain Shehallion in Scotland. But the plummet was not so strongly attracted to the mountain as it was to the earth, because the magnitude of the latter was so much greater than that of the former. Let it always be kept in view that it is size, in connection with distance, which determines the force of gravitation, and this may be illustrated by a few familiar facts.

A falling body receives fresh velocity every moment of its descent, while a body projected into the air loses velocity every moment of its ascent. Both propositions are illustrated by a very simple experiment. Sling a stone into the air, and the eye will be found incapable of following it till it has reached a certain height, when we can easily observe its progress. Upwards it rises slower and slower, and for a moment before it has reached and after it has passed its climax, there is scarcely any motion perceptible; just as the tide at the full appears for a moment neither to ebb nor to flow. Downwards the stone descends, however, gathering fresh velocity in every inch of its declination, until, as it approaches nearer to the earth, the eye can scarcely follow it. This may, no doubt, be partly accounted for from the well known circumstance, that, to the eye, bodies seen at a distance seem to move slower than they do when we stand nearer to them. But, in our calculations, the fallacy arising from this circumstance is comparatively trifling. The propositions have not only been proved by the most incontestible philosophical experiments, but a few familiar facts, when recalled to memory, will settle the point. Let a ball drop from the hand, and it can be caught easily the first instant; let it accumulate its motion, however, and the hand in vain pursues it. Take an instance on a vast scale—say the cataract of Niagara. Slow and heavily the broad column of waters bends over the precipice. It grows thinner and thinner, while its motion rapidly increases, until at last it plunges down the deep descent into the Pilegion below, with irresistible force and swiftness, carrying all before it, and

"Rivalling the lightning's glance in ruin and in speed."

All bodies, whatever their size or weight may be, should, from the law previously laid down, fall to the ground with the same speed. But this is found not to be the case. Here, for instance, is a ball of lead and a ball of cotton dropped from the same altitude at the same moment, and the lead has reached the earth some time before the cotton. At first sight this would really appear to be quite consistent with the law of nature; because there being, we shall say, a hundred parts more matter in the bullet than in the cotton, it will be drawn to the earth with an hundred times more force, the power of gravitation being always proportioned to the quantity of matter. But again, if there be an hundred parts more matter in the lead than in the other body,

it of course requires an hundred times more attraction to bring it down, for bodies destitute of this quality, as was formerly observed, have no tendency to fall; and every atom of every description of matter is drawn to the earth with the same degree of force. What is it, then, which prevents the cotton from reaching the ground at the same moment with the weightier body? The resistance of the air. The bulks are equal, and of course the resistance offered to both is alike, but the one having a far greater number of atoms, and hence a far greater power of attraction in proportion to its bulk than the other, it overcomes the resistance with greater ease, or, in other words, it has far greater strength to expend with only the same obstructions to overcome, and hence it reaches its destination sooner. For illustration's sake, let us suppose there are two boats to start for the same goal. They are of equal size, and of course their bows present the same breadth of surface to the water, and are alike impeded by it. In the one boat there are two rowers, we shall suppose, and in the other six. They all pull with equal skill and power, and it is unnecessary to say which boat will reach its destination first. But suppose that the boat which had the smallest number of rowers were to be reduced in size, weight, and resistance in a proportion which exactly counterbalanced the power which the other had over it, they would both arrive at the same time. Thus, if the cotton ball were reduced to the density of the lead, they would both reach the earth at the same time. The powers of attraction possessed by the two substances, without attenuating our simile to an invisible thinness, may be compared to the physical energy exercised in the two several boats, and though the comparison be not perfect in some respects, it is sufficiently so in others to give a forcible illustration of the subject. In fine, it is found that in the exhausted receiver of an air-pump, that is, a glass vessel deprived of its air, a feather and a guinea fall to the bottom at the same instant. It would not serve the end contemplated were the subject of gravitation to be pursued through all its labyrinths, and demonstrated by mathematical symbols. The point aimed at is rather to kindle up a desire for philosophical study, than to supply the materials of it. We do not mean to conduct the reader through the promised land, but only point it out from Mount Pisgah.

Very little need be said respecting the *magnetic* and *electric* attractions. They act only on certain bodies, or under peculiar circumstances, giving rise to a distinct class of phenomena. In so far as they operate on masses of matter at sensible distances, they coincide with gravitation. When certain bodies are submitted to friction, they exhibit electrical attraction. If a dry glass rod or a stick of sealing wax is rubbed upon a piece of silk, and then presented to light bodies, such as bits of paper or straw, these latter are attracted to the other body. With respect to the magnet, it is universally known that it possesses the property of attracting particles of iron or steel. Its undeviating tendency to turn to a certain point of the earth is also well known. No phenomenon of nature has been so often pressed into the service of poetry in the shape of a simile as this. What poet for the last two hundred years has not used it?

"The obedient steel with living instinct moves,
And veers for ever to the pole it loves."—DARWIN.

It is unnecessary to enter more particularly into these subjects at present, as they will be investigated and explained in all their relations in some future numbers of this Journal.

We shall now turn to the other grand division of the subject, namely, the attraction exercised between particles of matter situated at short or insensible distances from each other. Cohesive attraction is that power which retains atoms of the same kind together in masses. When two drops of the same sort of liquid are placed near to each other, as was remarked at the commencement, they attract each other, and uniting together, form one globule. The roundness of the drop is caused by this attraction.

"Hast thou not seen two pearls of dew
The rose's velvet leaf adorn—
How eager their attraction grew,
As nearer to each other borne?"—DEMMOND.

If two globules of quicksilver on a smooth surface be brought near to each other, they will unite in a similar manner. They have also a tendency to remain in this state, and will not separate until some force be applied. Cohesion is strongest in solids. For instance, a bar of iron of half an inch in diameter, or even less, will defy all our efforts to break it with the hand. In fluids, the power is a great deal weaker, as is proved by the ease with which we can separate one portion of water from another. Small needles, however, can be made to float on water, their weight not being sufficient to overcome the cohesion of the fluid. In the same way many small insects walk on the surface of water without being wetted. In gaseous bodies, such as air, this attraction is entirely overcome, and a mutual repulsion exists amongst the particles, which is the cause of their elasticity. Cohesion is illustrated by the following facts:—When portions of the same size are cut from two leaden bullets, and the fresh surfaces being brought into contact, and slightly pressed, they will unite, and appear as if they had been originally cast in one piece. Fresh cut surfaces of India-rubber cohere in a similar manner. There is a species of attraction called *adhesive* attraction, instances of which come frequently under observation. If water be poured from a jug which has not a projecting lip, it will not fall perpendicularly, but run down the outside of the vessel. Hence the reason of having a spout to such utensils. A plate of glass, when brought into contact with a level surface of water, adheres to it with considerable tenacity, and resists a separation. Pieces of wood floating in a pond attract each other, and remain in contact; and the wrecks of vessels, when the sea is smooth, are often found gathered together in heaps.

There is a species of attraction called *capillary*, which takes place under the following circumstances:—When one end of an open glass tube is put into water, the enclosed liquid stands above the level of that on the outside, and it rises always the higher the smaller the bore of the tube is; the surrounding glass, being thus nearer to the water, attracts it more powerfully. A piece of lump sugar, whose lowest corner touches the water, soon becomes moistened

throughout. Thus also the wick of a lamp or candle draws up the oil or tallow to supply combustion. The sap which rises from the roots to the tops of vegetables, though chiefly an action of vegetable life, partly depends on capillary attraction for its ascent.

We come now to a most important and interesting part of the subject, namely, *chemical attraction, or affinity.*

There are in nature about fifty-four substances, which are termed elements, from the impossibility of human skill or industry to reduce them to any thing simpler. These elements, uniting together by the power of chemical attraction, form the infinite variety of objects around us. The investigation of this subject, from its great extent and vast importance, would require a separate article of itself to do it any thing like justice; but we hope to be able to give a general idea of it, sufficiently attractive to induce the reader to pursue the subject in more laborious compilations.

Chemical attraction is exercised between particles of dissimilar bodies, which, uniting, form a new substance possessing properties different from those of its ingredients. Frequently, indeed, the qualities of the compound are exactly the opposite of those of its constituents, as in the case of water. This liquid is composed of hydrogen, one of the most inflammable bodies known, and oxygen, the grand supporter of combustion on the globe. Yet when these are united, they form a fluid possessing qualities so totally different from their own, that it destroys all flame whatsoever, unless, indeed, the heat be so intense as to decompose the water; and frequently the same component parts, when united in different proportions, produce the most opposite substances. Thus the common air which we breathe is composed of the very same elements as aquafortis. All bodies have not a chemical attraction for each other. Thus oil and water, though shaken together, will never be able to unite; but if lime water is employed, a union takes place, and the result is a new compound, which is insoluble in water. Again, sulphuric acid, or vitriol, will not dissolve or unite with gold; but it will with copper or iron (besides a great variety of other bodies), forming in the first instance sulphate of copper or blue vitriol; and in the second, sulphate of iron or copperas. Common sea sand and soda, when heated together, attract each other, and, combining, form glass. What are called acids and alkalis have a strong affinity for each other, and their compounds form a class of substances called salts, which are most important in the arts and manufactures. Oil of vitriol and soda, for instance, combine with great facility, and the compound is Glauber salt.

Thus, by the existence and exercise of this peculiar property of matter, are formed the endless diversity of substances which constitute the mass of our globe. It is impossible to contemplate the subject of attraction in general, without a feeling of religious reverence and awe for the Divine Being who drew the mighty plan, set it in motion at first, and sustains it so still. But the wisdom of it is not more conspicuous than the benevolence. Indeed, the operations of all the various laws of nature are to man so many various sources of enjoyment. He stands as it were the centre of the system of life and nature around him. What attraction is in the abstract, human sagacity has not yet, and probably never will, unravel.

The chain of cause and effect here breaks off, or rather for the present may be said to terminate in the Deity. Future philosophers, however, may discover a proximate cause, and even trace the golden links through a thousand beautiful windings, but in a Divine Creator they must merge at last.

THE CROOKED STICK.

By Mrs S. C. Hall.

"And took the crooked stick at last?"

"Even so."

I HAVE rarely known any one, of either sex, who deliberated upon the matrimonial question until their hair silvered, and their eye dimmed, and then became numbered among the "newly weds," who did not, according to the old story, "take the crooked stick at last." All, doubtless, will remember the tale, how the maiden was sent into a green and beautiful lane, garnished on either side by tall and well formed trees, and directed to choose, cut, and carry off, the most straight and seemingly branch she could find. She might, if she pleased, wander on to the end, but her choice must be made *there*, if not made *before*—the power of retracing her steps, without the stick, being forbidden. Straight and fair to look upon were the charming boughs of the lofty trees—fit actions of such noble ancestry! and each would have felt honoured by her preference; but the silly maid went on, and on, and on, and thought within herself, that at the termination of her journey she could find as perfect a stick as any of those which then courted her acceptance. By and by, the aspect of things changed; and the branches she now encountered were crumpled and scragged—disfigured with blurs and unsightly warts. And when she arrived at the termination of her journey, behold! one miserable, blighted wand, the most deformed she had ever beheld, was all that remained within her reach. Bitter was the punishment of her indecision and caprice. She was obliged to take the crooked stick, and return with her hateful choice, amid the taunts and the sneers of the straight tall trees, who, according to the fashion of the good old fairy times, were endowed not only with feeling and reason, but with speech!

Many, I fear me, are the crooked sticks which "the ancient of days," by a strange infatuation, compel themselves to adopt. And much might be gravely and properly said upon this subject, for the edification of young and old; but the following will be better than grave discussion, and more to the tastes of those who value scenes from real life:

"Lady Frances Hazlitt, Charles! Surely the most fastidious might pronounce her handsome?"

"My dear fellow, you must permit me to correct your taste. Observe, I pray you, the short chin, and that unfortunate nose; it is absolutely *retroussé*."

"It may be a little opposed to the line of beauty—calculated to overturn it, perhaps; but did you ever see such a glorious brow?"

"Mountainous!"

"Such expressive eyes?"

"Vulcanic!"

"Psha!—Such grace?"

"Harry," replied the young nobleman, smiling according to the most approved Chesterfield principle, removing his eyeglass, and looking at his friend with much composure, "you had better, I think, marry Lady Frances yourself."

"You are a strange being, my good lord," replied his friend, after a pause. "I would wage a good round sum, that, notwithstanding your rank, fortune, and personal advantages, you will die—or, at all events, not marry until you are—a veritable old bachelor. I pray thee, tell me, what do you require?—A Venus?—A Diana?—A Juno?—A—"

"Simply, a woman, my dear fellow; not indeed one of those beings arrayed in drapery, whom you see moving along our streets, with Chinese features, smoke-dried skins, and limbs that might rival those of a Hercules; nor yet one of your be-accented, spider-waisted primities, who lisp and amble—assume a delicacy which they never felt, and grace which they never possessed. My ideas of woman's perfections—of the perfections, in fact, which I desire, and—I may say—(Lord Charles Villiers was certainly a very handsome and a very fashionable man, and yet his modesty, I suppose, made him hesitate in pronouncing the latter word)—"I may—I think—say—*deserve*," gaining courage as he proceeded, "are not as extravagant as those required by your favourite Henri Quatre. He insisted on seven perfections. I should feel blessed, if the lady of my love were possessed of six."

"Moderate and modest," observed his friend, laughing. "I pray you, tell me what they are?"

"Noble birth, beauty, prudence, wit, gentleness, and fidelity." Sir Harry Beauclerc drew forth his tablets, and on the corner of the curiously-wrought memorials engraved the qualities Lord Charles had enumerated, not with fragile lead, but with the sharp point of his pen-knife. "Shall I add," he inquired, "that these requisites are indispensable?"

"Most undoubtedly," replied his lordship.

"Adieu, then, Charles—Lady Frances's carriage is returning, and as you declare fairly off, I truly tell you that I will try to make an impression on her gentle heart; you certainly were first in the field, but as you are insensible to such merit, I cannot think you either deserve to win or year it. Adieu! *au revoir*!" And with a deeper and more prolonged salute than the present courtesies of life are supposed to require, the two young fashionables separated—one lounging listlessly towards the then narrow and old-fashioned gate which led from Hyde Park into Piccadilly, troling snatches of the last *cavatina*, which the singing of a *Mara* or a Billington had rendered fashionable; the other proceeding, with the firm and animated step that tells plainly of a fixed purpose, to meet the respectable family carriage, graced by the really charming Frances, only daughter of the Earl of Heaptown.

To look forward for a period of five-and-twenty years blanches many a fair cheek, and excites the glow of hope and enthusiasm in those of vigorous and determined character; while the beauty trembles for her empire—the statesman for his place—the monarch even for his throne—those who have nothing to lose, and every thing to gain, regard the future as an undefinable something pregnant with light and life; to such, diamond-like are the sands that sparkle in the hour-glass of Time, while the withered hand which holds the mystic vessel is unheeded or unseen. So be it—so, doubtless, it is best. One of the choicest blessings bestowed by the Creator on the creature, is a hopeful spirit!

Five-and-twenty summers had passed over the brow of Lord Charles Villiers since Sir Harry Beauclerc noted on his tablet the six *indispensable* qualities the young nobleman would require in his wife. The lord still remained unmarried, and an admired man, seeking to find some lady worthy his affections. It is true that some of the young creatures, just come out, on whose cheek the blush of innocence and modesty still glowed, and whose untutored eyes prated most earnestly of what passed in the sacred citadel, called heart—such creatures, I say, did discover, to the sad annoyance of their speculating mothers, and sensible—(Heaven bless the word!)—sensible chaperons, that Lord Charles's once beautiful hair was now indebted to "the Tyrian dye" for its gloss and hue; and that, moreover, most ingenious scalp mixed its artificial ringlets with his once exquisite curls, that the belles (whom a few years had rendered staid mammas, and even grand—I cannot finish the horrid word) used to call, in playful poetry, "Cupid's bowstrings." Then his figure had grown rotund; he sat long after dinner, prided himself upon securing a cook fully equal to Ude—(I write it with all possible respect)—equal to Eustache Ude in his best days; desecrated upon the superiority of pheasant dressed *en golumine*, to that served in aspic jelly; and gained immortal honour at a committee of taste, by adding a most *piquant* and delightful ingredient to Mr Dolby's "Sauce à l'Aurore." These gastronomical propensities are sure symptoms of increasing years and changing constitution; but there were characteristics of "old boyishness" about Lord Charles, which noted him as a delightful gentleman "of a certain age." A rich silk handkerchief was always carefully folded, and placed within the bosom of his exquisitely made Stultz, ready to wrap round his throat when he quitted the delightful crush room of the delightful Opera, to ascend his carriage; then an occasional twinge reminded him of the existence of gout—a most unpleasant reminiscence in the galopade, which he was hardy—I had almost said *fool-hardy*—enough to attempt. Had he not been so perfectly well-bred, he would have been considered touchy and testy; the excellent discipline of the old school fortunately preserved him from those bachelor-like crimes, at all events in ladies' society; and whatever spleen he had he wisely only vented on those who could not return it; namely, his poor relations, his servants, and occasionally, but not often (for he was a member of the society for preventing cruelty to animals), on his dogs and horses. However, his figure was as erect, if not as graceful as ever; and many a fair lady sighed at the bare idea of his enduring to the end in single misery.

Sir Harry Beauclerc never visited London except during the sitting of Parliament; and it was universally allowed that he discharged his duties as M. P. for his native county with zeal and independence. Wonderful to say, he neither ratted nor sneaked; and yet Whigs, Tories, and Radicals, treated him with deference and respect. He had long been the husband of her, who, when our sketch was commenced, was known as Lady Frances Hazlitt; and it would be rare to behold a more charming assembly of handsome and happy faces than their fire-side circle presented at the celebration of merry Christmas. The younger portion of this family were noisily and busily occupied at a game of forfeits, while those who considered themselves the elders of the juvenile set, sate gravely discussing matters of domestic or public interest with their parents, when a thundering peal at the portal announced the arrival of some benighted visitor. I am not about to introduce a hero of romance at such an unseemly hour—only our old acquaintance Lord Charles, who claimed the hospitality of his friend as protection against an impending snow-storm. When the family had retired for the night, a bottle of royal Burgundy was placed on the table as the sleeping cup of the host and his guest; old times were reverted to; and Sir Harry fancied that there was more design than accident in the visit with which he had been honoured. This feeling was confirmed by Lord Charles drawing his chair, in a confidential manner, towards his friend, and observing that "he was a lucky and a happy fellow to be blessed with so lovely a family and so amiable and domestic a companion." Sir Harry smiled, and only replied that he was happy; and he hoped his friend would not quietly sink into the grave without selecting some partner, whose smiles would gild the evening of his days, &c. &c. A fine sentimental speech it was, but ill-timed; for the gallant bachelor suffered it to proceed little farther than "evening," when he exclaimed—"Faith, Sir Harry, you must have strange ideas. Evening! I consider myself in the prime and vigour of existence; and I have serious ideas of changing my condition—it is pleasant to settle before one falls into the sere and withered leaf. And although, as I said before, I feel myself in the very vigour of life, yet it is time to determine. You are considerably my senior."

"Only a few months, my dear friend;—my birthday in May, yours in the January of the next year."

"Indeed! Well, to tell you the truth (it is however a profound secret, and I rely on your friendship), I am really a married man!—There—I knew I should surprise you. I shall surprise every body."

"Most sincerely do I wish you joy, my dear lord, and doubt not your choice is fixed upon one who will secure your happiness. I am sure Lady Frances will be delighted at an introduction. Your pardon one moment, while I relate a most extraordinary coincidence. Do you remember my noting down the six perfections which you required the lady of your choice to possess?—perhaps you recollect it was some five-and—But no matter—well, the tablets upon which I wrote, this morning—only this very morning, I was looking over a box of papers, and, behold! there they were—and do you know (how very odd, was it not?) I put them in my waistcoat pocket," continued the worthy baronet, at the same moment drawing them forth, "intending to show them to my eldest son—for there's a great deal—I assure you I speak in perfect sincerity—a great deal—my dear lord, what is the matter? you look ill?" To confess the truth, Lord Charles appeared marvellously annoyed—he fidgeted on his chair—the colour heightened on his cheek, and he finally thrust the poker into the fire with terrific violence. "Never mind the tablets, my good friend," said he at last; "men change their tastes and opinions as they advance in life—I was a mere boy then, you know, full of romance."

"Your pardon, my lord—less of romance than most young men," replied the praverering and tactless baronet, who was, moreover, gifted with a provoking good memory, "decidedly less of romance than most young men—and not such a boy either. Here are the precious mementos. First on the list stands 'NOBLE BIRTH'; right, right, my dear lord, nothing like it—that (*entre nous*) is Lady Frances's weak point, I confess; she really carries it too far, for she will have it—that not even a royal alliance could purify a citizen." Lord Charles Villiers looked particularly dignified as he interrupted his zealous friend. "It is rather unfortunate," he observed gravely, "that I should have chosen you as my confidant on this occasion; the fact is, that, knowing how devilish proud all my connexions are, and my Mary—what a sweet name Mary is!—you remember Byron's beautiful lines,

"I have a passion for the name of Mary!"

—my Mary's father was only a merchant—a citizen—a very worthy—a most excellent man—not exactly one of us—but a highly respectable person I assure you; his name is Scroggins."

"Powers of fashion!" mentally ejaculated the baronet, "will it—can it be believed—the courted, the exquisite Lord Charles Villiers—the glass of fashion, and the mould of form—the star, the idol of ton and taste—married—positively married to Molly Scroggins of Bunhill-row!"

"I am anxious, I do confess, that Lady Frances should receive Lady Charles Villiers *here*," persevered his lordship, after a very long pause; "and I can answer for it, that the native and untutored manners of my unsophisticated bride would gain hourly upon her affections."

"Of course—of course, we shall be most happy to receive her ladyship," stammered forth the baronet; "and doubtless her *BEAUTY*—glancing at the tablet—"

"Pardon me, Sir Harry," interrupted the nobleman; "you must not expect what in our world is denominated *Beauty*—she is all animation—"

"Happy nature, wild and simple—rosy and laughing, but not a beauty, believe me."

Again the astounded baronet pondered. "What a subject for Almack's!—the rosy (doubtless signifying red-faced), laughing (meaning romping) daughter of some city buttermilk, thrust into the peerage by the folly of a man who might have plucked the fairest, noblest flower in the land!"

"At all events," he said, when his powers of articulation returned, "your lady is endowed with both PRUDENCE and WIT, and nothing so likely to create a sensation in the beau

monne as such a combination."

"Oh, yes—prudence I dare say she will have, much cannot be expected from a girl of seventeen; and as to wit, between you and me, it is a deuced dangerous and troublesome weapon, when wielded by a woman."

"A flirt and a fool, I suspect," again fancied Sir Harry, "in addition to her other qualifications."

"GENTLENESS and FIDELITY," he ejaculated, fixing his eyes on the unfortunate abletts, while Lord Charles, evidently determined no longer to endure the baronet's untimely reference to the detestable memorials, snatched them (it is perfectly astonishing what rude acts *polite* persons will sometimes perform) from the hand of his friend, and flung them into the fire.

"Heavens! and earth, sir! what do you mean by such conduct?" said Sir Harry, at the same time snatching them from the flames. "These ivory slates are dear to me as existence. I must say, that I consider such conduct very ungenerous, ungentlemanly," &c. &c. One angry word produced another; and much was said which it would ill beseem to repeat. The next morning, even before the dawn of day, Lord Charles Villiers had quitted Beaulieu Hall, without bidding a single farewell either to its lady or its master.

"There!" exclaimed the baronet, placing the fashionable "Post" in Lady Frances's hand at the breakfast table one morning, about three months after the above scene had taken place; "I knew how it would be: a pretty fool that noble friend of mine, Lord Charles Villiers, has made of himself. I never knew one of these absurdly particular men who did not take the crooked stick at last. By Jove, sir, (to his son,) 'you shall marry before you are five-and-twenty, or you shall be disinherited!' The youthful mind is ever pliable; and the early wed grow into each other's habits, feelings, and affections. An old bachelor is sure either to make a fool of himself, or be made a fool of. You see his lordship's wife has publicly shown that she certainly did not possess the last of his requisites—FIDELITY—by eloping with her footman. I will journey up to town on purpose to invite Lord Charles here, and make up matters; he will be glad to escape from the *desagremens* of exposure just now, as he is doubtless made a lion for the benefit—as Sir Peter Teazle has it—of all old bachelors."—*Edin. Literary Journal*.

THE INVENTION OF "IRISH BLACKGUARD."

LUNDY FOOT, the celebrated snuff-manufacturer, some six-and-twenty years ago, had his premises at Essex Bridge in Dublin, where he made the common-scented snuffs then in vogue. In preparing the snuffs, it was usual to dry them by a kiln at night, which kiln was always left in strict charge of a man appointed to regulate the heat, and see the snuffs were not spoiled. The man usually employed in this business, Larey by name, a tight boy of Cork, chanced to get drunk over the 'cratur,' (i. e. a little whisky), that he had gotten to comfort him, and, quite regardless of his watch, fell fast asleep, leaving the snuff drying away. Going his usual round in the morning, Lundy Foot found the kiln still burning, and its guardian lying snoring with the fatal bottle, now empty, in his right hand. Imagining the snuff quite spoiled, and giving way to his rage, he instantly began belabouring the shoulders of the sleeper with the stick he carried.

"Och, be quiet wid ye, what the devil's the matter, master, that ye be playing that game?" shouted the astounded Larey, as he sprang up and capered about under the influence of the other's walking cane.

"You infernal scoundrel, I'll teach you to get drunk, fall asleep, and suffer my property to get spoiled," uttered the enraged manufacturer, as each word was accompanied by a blow across the dancing Mr Larey's shoulders.

"Stop! stop! wid ye, now! I sure you wouldn't be afther making to ye'r old sarvant that way,—the snuff's only a little dryer, or so, may be," exclaimed 'the boy,' trying to soften matters.

"You big blackguard you, didn't you get drunk and fall asleep?" interrogated his master, as he suspended his arm for a moment.

"Och, by all the saints, that's a good'un now—where can be the harm of slaaping wid a drop or so? besides—bould that shillelah—hear a man spake reason."

Just as Lundy Foot's wrath had in some degree subsided in this serio-comic scene, and he had given the negligent watcher his nominal discharge, who should come in but a couple of merchants. They instantly gave him a large order for the snuffs they were usually in the habit of purchasing, and requested to have it ready for shipping by the next day. Not having near so large a quantity at the time by him, in consequence of what had happened, he related the occurrence to them, at the same time, by way of illustration, pointing out the trembling Larey, occupied in rubbing his arms and back, and making all kinds of contortions.

Actuated by curiosity, the visitors requested to look at the snuff, although Lundy Foot told them, from the time it had been drying, it must be burnt to a chip. Having taken out the tins, they were observed to emit a burnt flavour any thing but disagreeable, and on one of the gentlemen taking a pinch up and putting it to his nose, he pronounced 'the best snuff he had ever tasted. Upon this, the others made a similar trial, and all agreed that chance had brought it to a degree of perfection before unknown. Reserving about a third, Lundy Foot sold the rest to his visitors. The only thing that remained now was to give it a name: for this purpose, in a facetious mood, arising from the sudden turn affairs had taken, the master called his man to him who was lingering near, "Come here, you Irish blackguard, and tell these gentlemen what you call this snuff, of your own making."

Larey, who did not want acuteness, and perceived the aspect of things, affected no trifling degree of sulky indignation, as he replied—"And is it a name ye'r in want o'?"

sir? falt I should have thought it was the best using you couldn't give; without, indeed, you've given all your stock to me already. You may even call it 'Irish Blackguard,' stidd of one Michael Larey."

Upon this hint he spoke, and as many a true word is spoken in jest, so was it christened on the spot. The snuff was sent to England immediately, and to different places abroad, where it soon became a favourite to so great a degree, that the proprietor took out a patent and rapidly accumulated a handsome fortune. Such are the particulars connected with the discovery of the far-famed Lundy Foot, or Irish blackguard—for which we are indebted to a member of the Irish bar, who was a resident in Dublin at the time.—*Miller's Nicotiana*.

LIBERTY.

Shame! that any should have been found to speak lightly of liberty, whose worth is so testified—whose benefits are so numerous and so rich. Moralists have praised it—poets have sung it—the Gospel has taught and breathed it—patriots and martyrs have died for it. As a temporal blessing, it is beyond all comparison and above all praise. It is the air we breathe—the food we eat—the raiment that clothes us—the sun that enlightens, and vivifies, and gladdens, all on whom it shines. Without it, what are honours and riches, and all similar endowments? They are the trappings of a hearse—they are the garnishings of a sepulchre; and with it the crust of bread, and the cup of water, and the lowly hovel, and the barren rock, are luxuries which it teaches and enables us to rejoice in. He who knows what liberty is, and can be glad and happy when placed under a tyrant's rule, and at the disposal of a tyrant's caprice, is like the man who can laugh and be in merry mood at the grave, where he has just deposited all that should have been love-liest in his eye, and all that should have been dearest to his heart. What is slavery, and what does it do? It darkens and degrades the intellect—it paralyses the hand of industry—it is the nourisher of agonizing fears and of sullen revenge—it crushes the spirit of the bold—it belies the doctrines, it contradicts the precepts, it resists the power, it sets at defiance the sanctions, of religion—it is the tempter, and the murderer, and the tomb of virtue—and either blasts the felicity of those over whom it domineers, or forces them to seek for relief from their sorrows in the gratifications, and the mirth, and the madness of the passing hour."—*Dr A. Thomson's Sermons*, 1829.

ST DOMINGO, OR HAITI.

ALL the world has heard of the revolution which, upwards of thirty years since, was effected in the island of St Domingo, in the West Indies, by the rising of the slave population and the massacre of their French masters. The subsequent establishment of a free government of blacks, and the absence of all foreign or white interference in the government of the island, naturally raise our curiosity, and lead us to inquire how these negroes have conducted their affairs, or if they be in reality more comfortable than they were under the surveillance of the French and Spanish monarchies. The publication of a work entitled, "Notes on Haiti," (such being now the ordinary name of the country), by Charles Mackenzie Esq. late His Majesty's consul-general in Haiti, gives us an opportunity of gleaming a number of instructive particulars regarding this interesting republic, and may here be taken advantage of. The period of Mr Mackenzie's visit was 1826-7. It will be recollected that the population of Haiti still speak the French language.

Port-au-Prince, the capital of the island, and the seat of government, is situated at the bottom of a very deep bay, and nearly surrounded by marshy ground. Under a burning sun, it is eminently unhealthy, and its insalubrity is not a little increased by the interruption that the sea-breeze meets with in its progress from the island of Genave, which blocks up the entrance to the bay. During the months of May, June, July, August, and September, the heat is most intense; for a considerable time my thermometer reached 99° every day in the shade. The consequence of these concurrent causes is mortal disease among new comers. The climate and new rum are omnipotent. The practice of attending funerals is carried to an extraordinary height, and I can with truth declare that all the invitations I received for the first six months of my residence were to funerals.

I have been repeatedly asked, is there any court in Haiti? Were I to answer directly, I should say, that there is none according to the European standard, and I suspect that there is nothing to correspond with the republican levees of Washington. Sunday is the only fixed public day, and at six o'clock in the morning the President receives all persons, whether natives or foreigners. Besides these weekly exhibitions, there are three days consecrated by the thirty-fourth article of the revised constitution of 1816 to public festivity, and in each of these the President holds a public court. The days are the 1st of January, the anniversary of Haitian independence; the 2d of April, that of the birth of Petion, the founder of the republic; and 1st of May, that of the establishment of the 'Fête d'Agriculture.'

The subjects or citizens of the district of Port-au-Prince were divided into three great classes; viz. a very few white men—every shade of colour between white and black—and the negroes. In the order of their numerical proportions, they stand thus: black, coloured, white. The first two of these classes are again subdivided in reality (though all professing a common allegiance) into all the national distinctions of Europe and America; for by the forty-fourth article of the constitution, all Indians, Africans, and their descendants, whether of mixed or pure blood, may become citizens after a residence of

twelve months. The residence, however, is often dispensed with, though contrary to the theory of the constitution. Hence Haiti, in general, becomes a place of refuge to all persons of those classes, who either have, or suppose themselves to have, reason to be dissatisfied with their own country; and the capital, from natural causes, is the place of principal resort, especially on first emigration. The remainder are native-born Haitians, having every peculiarity of opinion that may be imagined to have been engendered by their situation and circumstances. Such, at least, is the opinion of the best-informed persons, natives as well as strangers. Notwithstanding the discordance of these materials, the government asserts that all the feelings and prejudices, either of the olden time, or on the subject of colour, or on that of natural origin, have been absorbed by intense patriotism; others, again, aver that in no part of the world do prejudices and feelings exist to so great an extent as in the capital itself, and I am disposed to fear that the latter opinion is the most correct, from many facts; but most especially so, from the maintenance of the 38th article of the constitution, which proscribes all whites from being citizens, in spite of the conviction of the most enlightened of the chiefs, who, I cannot but believe, reluctantly defer to the prejudices of the many. I made many inquiries on this point; for, besides its importance in determining the political concord of the republic, I was curious to ascertain how far a revolution, preceded by an hostility to prejudice of colour, had ended, with reference to what has been professed to be its most active immediate cause.

We cannot but esteem the above account of the state of citizenship as exceedingly worthy of attention. It no less than appears that in the vaunted black republic of Haiti there is a law to prevent white men becoming free citizens, or in the words of the 38th article of the constitution, "Aucun blanc, quelque soit sa nation, ne pourra mettre les pieds sur ce territoire à titre de maître ou de propriétaire." Alas, for poor human nature. We are informed by the author that the indolence which pervades all ranks and all hues of the people, is a striking feature in their character. A general air of listlessness, which may be aptly described as "a death-like languor which is not repose," pervades all classes. This national indolence of the free blacks of Haiti is described as being the means of keeping the country almost in a state of nature. To such an extent is this carried, that whole districts are now found covered with tall rank weeds, which within the last thirty years were covered with sugar establishments. Of a place called Lator, the author mentions that there were "formerly one thousand seven hundred carreaux (each containing about three hundred and eighty square French feet) in canes; above one thousand five hundred slaves were employed on it; three sugar mills were constantly at work, and excellent sugar was made. Now about seven carreaux are in cultivation; not fifty labourers are employed; and the only produce is a little syrup and tafia, which last is retailed in a small shop by the road-side, in front of the President's residence.

"The very little field labour effected is generally performed by elderly people, principally old Guinea negroes. No measures of the government can induce the young creoles to labour, or depart from their habitual licentiousness and vagrancy. The whole body of proprietors constantly lament the total incapacity of the government to enforce labour. In reply to inquiries I made respecting corporal punishments, I have the following answers:—The laws recognise no other punishment than fine and imprisonment with hard labour, although it is no uncommon thing to see the soldiery and military police use the 'plat de sabre' and 'coco-macac' (a species of heavy jointed cane) in a most arbitrary and sometimes cruel manner; but almost always, from the natural obstinacy of the negroes, without the intended effect. The few young females that live on plantations seldom assist in any labour whatever, but live in a constant state of idleness and debauchery. This is tolerated by the soldiery and military police, whose licentiousness is gratified by this means. The rent of land is from two to three dollars an acre, and money is lent at 75 per cent. per annum!

"The author afterwards informs us that in that portion of the island formerly under the Spanish government, the inhabitants, coloured and black, are very superior in point of moral character, and exhibit industrious habits. Nearly the whole of the foreign commerce of the country is conducted by foreign merchants, as the credit of the natives is not so generally established, either at home or abroad, as to command the confidence of European and North American shippers; but the business of the foreigner is exceedingly limited by the 21st article of the law of patents. The purchasers from the foreigner cannot, under such regulations, be the great body of consumers. An intermediate class is thus created, chiefly, if not exclusively, composed of women called 'Marchandes,' who employ a number of buccsters that traverse the country. The principal articles of import are linens, cotton goods of all kinds, some few woollens, cutlery, iron goods, wines, brandies, provisions (beef, pork, and fish), flour, butter, cheese, lard, candles (chiefly spermaceti), refined sugar, oil, lumber generally, coarse iron goods, earthen ware, tin plates, &c. The staple produce of the country is coffee; besides which there is cotton, logwood, lignumvitæ, mahogany, cigars, tortoise-shell, hides, cocoa, cassia, tobacco, raw sugar, wax, ginger, &c. Nothing conveys such a striking picture of the indolent habits of the people, and of the political distractions which for many years they laboured under, as the deplorable fact that the exports from the island have declined to comparatively nothing since the date of its emancipation from the French and Spanish yoke. Sugar, for example (says Macculloch), since 1788, has fallen off from 141,000,000 to 32,866 lbs.; coffee from about 77,000,000 to little more than 32,000,000 lbs.; cotton from 7,000,000 to 620,000 lbs.; indigo from 735,000 lbs. to nothing; melasses from 26,600

fish to nothing, &c. What a comment does this short statement furnish on the comparative value of compulsory and free West India labour! The result is painful to the mind of the philanthropist as well as the adherent of a generous code of political economy.

HIGHLAND STORIES.

ROBERT ROBERTSON.

ABOUT the beginning of the last century, a party of twelve Camerons made a crash or foray into the lands of Robertson of Struan, and carried off all the cattle upon one particular farm. In the morning, when the theft was discovered, Robert Robertson, called *Bane* on account of his fair complexion, who was the son of the farmer, and nearly related to the laird, took his broadsword and target, and though but a stripling, set out instantly in pursuit of the robbers. He came up to them on the top of a hill between Rannoch and Lochaber, and accosting the leader of the Camerons, demanded back his father's cattle. This was of course refused, and the party seemed to ridicule the chivalrous violence of the youth; but Robert challenged their commander to single fight, and as it was not consistent with the Highlander's notions of honour to refuse, the challenge was accepted. Before engaging, the leader desired his men to stand back, and upon no account to interfere, or to use Robertson badly, in case of his gaining the victory. A tough personal combat then ensued, in which it was soon seen that Robbie Bane's youthful ardour was no fit match for the cool practised vigour of his opponent. His strength becoming exhausted, he was on the point of yielding himself, when a slight advantage of ground put it in his power to finish the combat with honour and success. Getting upon a small hillock, which placed him rather above his antagonist, he collected all his remaining strength for one tremendous blow, which, though given at random, fortunately felled the Cameron, and decided the contest in his favour. The reavers were dreadfully incensed at the fall of their leader, and would perhaps have despatched the victor upon the spot, had not their attention been directed to the recovery of the fallen man. While they were busied about him, young Robertson went to a rivulet to wash his wounds, and while he was stooping down, one of the Camerons levelled a gun at his head, but was prevented from shooting by a companion, who said that they ought at least to delay their vengeance till the fate of their wounded clansman was determined. This was agreed to by all present, and Bane was forthwith seized and conducted along with the vanquished hero to a bothy in the neighbourhood, where he was seated in the *ben end* upon a seat of turf to await the issue. Cameron was laid out in the other end of the house, and his companions watched anxiously over him. While they were thus engaged, Robert Bane took the opportunity to whisper a girl of the cottage, and desired her to go to Rob Roy, who was then in the neighbourhood, to tell him that a Robertson was in distress, (mentioning the name of the place), and that his presence was earnestly intreated. The girl executed her errand with dispatch, and Rob Roy hastening off, entered the cottage with twenty-four followers just as Cameron breathed his last. Rob mingled with the throng, heard the story, expressed some sympathy, and concluded by taking Robertson under his protection and leading him from the cottage, to the great disappointment of the Camerons, who glared fiercely at their intended victim, though they durst not fall upon him in such company. The gallant Macgregor conducted the young Highlander into Rannoch, the ground of his chief, where he left him, desiring him to present his compliments to the laird, and telling him that he might now consider himself safe from immediate danger, though caution would be required in all his future intercourse with the Camerons. After this, Robertson was engaged in both the Rebellions, was the father of a family, and died at a good old age. But so much was his dread of the Camerons, that he never slept without his arms all around his pillow, and never heard a door suddenly open, without drawing his dirk and standing upon the defensive. He could not be suddenly approached without betraying some emotion, and none durst rouse him from his sleep except his wife, so apt would he have been to plunge his weapon in their bosom.

A HIGHLAND FUNERAL.

Highland funerals are usually celebrated with a great deal of festivity. At their late wakes, or watchings of the corpse, many games used to be played; but now, decorum has substituted the amusements of dancing and drinking for all other diversions. Two young men once concerted to give the company a fright, and it was to be done in the following manner:—One of them secretly contrived to shift the corpse from the bed, and to put himself in its place, with the intention of starting up in sight of the mourners, on the signal of a whistle being given by his companion. All was prepared, and the dance went merrily on for some time, when the young man, judging it time to give the signal, whistled softly towards the bed upon which the supposed dead body was extended. To his surprise, his companion did not start up as he expected. Again he whistled, and no notice was taken of his signal. He whistled yet louder, and again and again, and in the extremity of the moment gave vent to a certain expressive modulation of notes, meant to convey a sense of his impatience and alarm, and which has since been converted into a regular and well-known tune. But his companion was still silent, and apparently without motion. He at last went up to the bed, and threw down the clothes, when he found his friend as cold as the corpse which he had meant to represent. He was actually dead. If this event was brought about through the influence of a peculiar state of feeling, arising from his situation, how mysteriously horrible must that feeling have been!

SCOTLAND IN 1661.

(Extracted from Ray's Itineraries.)

AUGUST the 17th, we travelled to Dunbar, a town noted for the fight between the English and Scots. The Scots generally (that is, the poorer sort) wear, the men blue bonnets on their heads, and some russet; the women only white linen, which hangs down their backs as if a napkin were pinned about them. When they go abroad, none of them wear hats, but a party-coloured blanket, which they call a plaid, over their heads and shoulders. The women generally to us seemed none of the handsomest. They are not very cleanly in their houses, and but sluttish in dressing their meat. Their way of washing linen is to tuck up their coats, and tread them with their feet in a tub. They have a custom to make up the fronts of their houses, even in their principal towns, with fir boards, nailed one over another, in which are often made many round holes or windows, to put out their heads. In the best Scottish houses, even the King's palaces, the windows are not glazed throughout, but the upper part only; the lower have two wooden shuts or folds, to open at pleasure, and admit the fresh air. The Scots cannot endure to hear their country or countrymen spoken against. They have neither good bread, cheese, or drink; they cannot make them, nor will they learn. Their butter is very indifferent, and one would wonder how they could contrive to make it so bad. They use much pottage made of coal-wort, which they call keal, sometimes broth of decorticated barley. The ordinary country houses are pitiful cottages, built of stone, and covered with turves, having in them but one room, many of them no chimneys, the windows very small holes, and not glazed. In the most stately and fashionable houses in great towns, instead of ceiling they cover the chambers with fir boards, nailed on the roof within. They have rarely any bellows or warming pans. It is the manner in some places there to lay on but one sheet as large as two, turned up from the feet upwards. The ground in the valleys and plains bears good corn, but especially *barley* or *bigge*, and *oats*, but rarely *wheat* and *rye*. We observed little or no fallow grounds in Scotland; some layed ground we saw, which they manured from seaweed. The people seem to be very lazy, at least the men, and may be frequently observed to plow in their cloaks. It is the fashion of them to wear cloaks when they go abroad, but especially on *Sundays*. They lay out most of their worth in cloaths, and a fellow that hath scarce ten groats besides to help himself with, you shall see come out of his smoky cottage clad like a gentleman. There hath formerly been a strong castle at Dunbar, built on a rock upon the sea, but it is now quite ruined and fallen down. Yearly, about this time, there is a great confluence of people at Dunbar to the *herring-fishing*; they told us sometimes to the number of 40,000 persons; but we did not see how so small a town could contain, indeed give shelter to, such a multitude. They had at our being there two ministers in Dunbar; they sung their *gloria patri* at the end of the psalm after the sermon, as had been ordered by the Parliament, in these words—

"Glorie to the Father and the Sonne,
And to the Holy Ghost;
As it was in the beginning,
Is now, and aye shall last."

There is in the church a very fair monument of the Earl of Dunbar, George Howme, made in King James's time. August the 19th.—We went to Leith, keeping all along on the side of the *Firth*. By the way we viewed Tantallon Castle, and passed over to the Basse Island, where we saw on the rocks innumerable of the soland geese. The old ones are all over white, excepting the pinion or haid feathers of their wings, which are black. The upper part of the head and neck, in those that are old, is of a yellowish-dun colour. They lay but one egg a-piece, which is white, and not very large. They are very bold, and sit in great multitudes till one comes close up to them, because they are not wont to be scared or disturbed. The young ones are esteemed a choice dish in Scotland, and sold very dear, (1s. 8d. plucked.) We eat of them at Dunbar. They are in bigness little inferior to an ordinary goose. A young one is upon the back black, and speckled with little white spots, under the breast and belly grey. The beak is sharp-pointed, the mouth very wide and large, the tongue very small, the eyes great, the foot hath four toes webbed together. It feeds upon mackerell and herring, and the flesh of the young one smells and tastes strong of these fish. The other birds which nestle in the Basse are these—the scout, which is double ribbed, the cattiwake, in English, cormorant; the scart, and a bird called the turtle-dove, whole-footed, and feet red. There are verses which contain the names of these birds among the vulgar, two whereof are,

"The Scout, the Scart, the Cattiwake,
The Soland Goose sits on the lack,
Yearly in the spring."

We saw few of the scout's eggs, which are very large and speckled. It is very dangerous to climb the rocks for the young of these fowls; and seldom a year passeth but one or other of the climbers fall down and lose their lives, as did one not long before our being there. The *Laird of this Island* makes a great profit yearly of the soland geese taken; I remember they told us £.130 sterling. There is

in the isle a small house, which they call a castle; it is inaccessible and impregnable, but of no great consideration in a war, there being no harbour, nor any thing like it. The island will afford grass enough to keep 30 sheep. They make strangers that come to visit it burghesses of the Basse, by giving them to drink of the water of the well which springs near the top of the rock, and a flower out of the garden thereby. The island is nought else but a rock, and stands off the land near a mile; at Dunbar you would not guess it above a mile distant, though it be thence at least five. We found growing in the island, in great plenty *beta marina*, *lychnis marina nostra*, *maica arborea marina nostra*, and *cochlearia rotundifolia*. By the way, also, we saw glasses made of kelp and sand mixed together, and calcined in an oven. The crucibles which contained the melted glass, they told us, were made of tobacco-pipe clay.

At Leith we saw one of those citadels built by the Protector, one of the best fortifications that ever we beheld, passing fair and sumptuous. There are three forts advanced above the rest, and two platforms. The works round about are faced with freestone towards the ditch, and are almost as high as the highest building within, and withal thick and substantial. Below are very pleasant, convenient, and well built houses for the governor, officers, and soldiers, and for magazines and stores; there is also a good capacious chapel, the piazza, or void space within, as large as Trinity College (in Cambridge) great court. This is one of the four forts. The other three are at St Johnston's, Inverness, and Ayre—the building of each of which (as we are credibly informed), cost above £.100,000 sterling; indeed I do not see how it could cost less. In England it would have cost much more.

August the 21st, we went on northward as far as Sterling, 24 miles. By the way we saw the King's Palace at Lithgow, built in the manner of a castle; a very good house, as houses go in Scotland. There is a small loch or standing water on twosides of the house. This loch formerly was never without swans! but Mr Stuart, one of the bailiffs of the town, told us a strange story of those swans which left the lake when the house was taken and garrisoned by the English; and although two were brought on purpose for trial, yet would they not stay there; but at the time of the King's coming to London, two swans, *nescio unde sponte et instinctu proprio*, came hither, and there still continue.

Dumfries.—Here, as at Dunbar and other places, we observed the manner of their burials, which is this—when any one dies, the sexton or bellman goeth about the streets, with a small bell in his hand, which he tinketh all along as he goeth, and now and then he makes a stand, and proclaims who is dead, and invites the people to come to the funeral at such an hour. The people and minister many times accompany the corpse to the grave at the time appointed, with the bell before them, where there is nothing said, but only the corpse laid in. The minister there, in the public worship, doth not shift places out of the desk into the pulpit. They commonly begin their worship with a psalm before the minister comes in, who, after the psalm is finished, prayeth, and then reads and expounds in some places, in some not; then another psalm is sung, and after that their minister prays again, and preacheth as in England. Before sermon, commonly, the officers of the town stand at the churchyard gate with a joined stool and a dish, to gather the alms of all that come to church. The people here frequent their churches much better than in England, and have their ministers in more esteem and veneration. They seem to perform their devotions with much alacrity. There are few or no sectaries or opinionists among them; they are much addicted to their church government, excepting the gentry who love liberty, and care not to be so strictly tied down. The country abounds with poor people and beggars. Their money they reckon after the French manner. A *bodel* (which is the sixth part of our penny) they call *tway pennies*, that is with them two-pence; so that upon this ground, twelve pennies, or a shilling Scotch (that is, six bodels), is a penny sterling. The Scotch piece marked with XX, which we are wont to call a Scotch two-pence, is twenty-pence Scotch, that is, two-pence sterling, wanting two bodels, or four pennies Scotch; the piece with XL is four-pence sterling, four bodels; and so one shilling sterling is twelve shillings Scotch. Thirteen-pence half-penny English, a marc Scotch. One pound Scotch, twenty-pence sterling. One bodel they call *tway pennies* (as above); two bodels, a plack; three bodels, a bawbee; four bodels, eight pennies; six bodels, one shilling Scotch.

ADULTERATED FLOUR.

When you are about to try the quality of flour, proceed as follows:—Grasp a handful, give it a sharp squeeze, and set the lump on the table. If it holds together and preserves the form of the cavity of the hand, the flour is good; but if the lump soon falls down, the flour is adulterated. When the adulterant is ground bones, or plaster of Paris, the lump of flour falls down immediately; but when whitening or pipe-clay is present, the lump keeps its form a little longer. The presence of much bran is detected by the colour and feel of the flour; but in this case also the grasped specimen soon crumbles. Genuine flour retains the fine impressions of the grains of the skin much longer than any which is adulterated. Rub a little of the flour between the palms of your hands when they are moist; if you find any resistance, the flour contains whitening. Moisten the fore-finger and thumb with a little sweet oil, and rub a small quantity of the flour between them. If the flour is pure, you may rub it for any length of time without its becoming sticky and adhesive; the flour in the meantime becomes nearly black. But if whitening be present, the flour will soon be worked up into the consistency of putty, which will retain the original white colour, or nearly so. Mix a little flour with water in a tumbler, then drop a little nematic acid into the water. If any chalk or whitening be present, an effervescence will be produced by the discharge of carbonic acid gas.—*Domestic Chemist.*

REVENGE.

A person being asked why he had given his daughter in marriage to a man with whom he was at enmity, answered, "I did it out of pure revenge."

THE COURT OF EGYPT.

A SKETCH.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

Two or three miles from Cairo, approached by an avenue of sycamores, is Shubra, a favourite residence of the Pasha of Egypt. The palace on the banks of the Nile is not remarkable for its size or splendour, but the gardens are extensive and beautiful, and adorned by a kiosk, which is one of the most elegant and fanciful creations I can remember.

Emerging from fragrant bowers of orange trees, you suddenly perceive before you tall and glittering gates rising from a noble range of marble steps. These you ascend, and, entering, find yourself in a large quadrangular colonnade of white marble. It surrounds a small lake, studded by three or four gaudy barges, fastened to the land by silken cords. The colonnade terminates towards the water by a very noble marble balustrade, the top of which is covered with groups of various kinds of fish in high relief. At each angle of the colonnade the balustrade gives way to a flight of steps, which are guarded by crocodiles of immense size, admirably sculptured, and all in white marble. On the farther side, the colonnade opens into a great number of very brilliant banquetting-rooms, which you enter by withdrawing curtains of scarlet cloth, a colour vividly contrasting with the white-shining marble of which the kiosk is formed. It is a favourite diversion of the Pasha himself to row some favourite Circassians in one of the barges, and to overset his precious freight in the midst of the lake. As his Highness piques himself upon wearing a caftan of calico and an exterior robe of coarse cloth, a ducking has not for him the same terrors it would offer to a less eccentric Osmanlee. The fair Circassians, shrieking with their streaming hair and dripping finery—the Nubians rushing to their aid, plunging into the water from the balustrade, or dashing down the marble steps—all this forms an agreeable relaxation after the labours of the divan.

All the splendour of the Arabian Nights is realised in the Court of Egypt. The guard of Nubians, with their black glossy countenances, clothed in scarlet and gold, waving their glittering Damascus sabres, and gently bounding on their snow-white steeds, is, perhaps, the most picturesque corps in the world. The numerous harem, the crowds of civil functionaries, and military and naval officers, in their embroidered Nizam uniforms, the vast number of pages and pipe-bearers, and other inferior but richly attired attendants, the splendid military music, for which Mehemet Ali has an absolute passion, the beautiful Arabian horses and high-bred dromedaries, altogether form a blending of splendour and luxury which easily recall the golden days of Bagdad, and its romantic caliph.

Yet this court is never seen to greater advantage than in the delicious summer palace in the gardens of Shubra. During the festival of the Baïram, the Pasha generally holds his state in this enchanted spot, nor is it easy to forget that strange and brilliant scene. The banquetting rooms were all open and illuminated, the colonnade full of guests in gorgeous groups, some standing and conversing, some seated in small Persian carpets, smoking pipes beyond all price, and some young grantees lounging in their crimson shawls and scarlet vests over the white balustrade, and flinging their glowing shadow over the moonlit water; from every quarter bursts of melody, and each moment the river breeze brought gusts of perfume on its odorous wings.

MENDICITY IN ANCIENT TIMES.

In every age and country there has existed a large class of persons dependent upon others for the means of subsistence. This is a necessary consequence of the state of society, and, to a certain extent, is requisite to its existence, although, if carried too far, it becomes dangerous and hurtful. Among the Greeks and Romans, and in the ancient world generally, a great mass of the population was in a state of slavery; but it was at the same time sure of being clothed, fed, and, in general, well treated. Those who were not in a state of slavery were supported by government; and when misery was likely to increase from any unexpected calamity, public works were undertaken to give them employment. It is to this cause that Pliny attributes the construction of the Pyramids of Egypt. Herodotus says, that in that country there were judges of police in each canton, whose business it was to receive, from time to time, from the inhabitants, a report of their professions, their means of subsistence, and the condition of their families. The idle were punished as dangerous to the state. Solon, in like manner, made idleness synonymous with infamy, and ordered the *Atropagus* to enquire how individuals gained a livelihood. All were allowed to exercise some trade; and he who did not bring up his son to a profession, was deprived of his reciprocal claim for assistance in his old age. In Rome, during the republic, and at the period of its highest glory, begging was unknown; and one of the principal duties of the censor was, to make diligent inquiry into the manner in which the citizens lived. As the republic sunk into the empire, and as the empire degenerated from power to weakness

the strict regulations of ancient Rome were forgotten; idleness and debauchery took the place of activity and virtue, and in a short time beggary was established almost as a profession. The *Dolos Farnienti*, so well known among the modern Italians, began to form the enjoyment of the poor as well as the rich. The primitive Christians, supposing they were following the model of their Divine Master, recommended poverty and contemplation as the surest means of pleasing the Divinity. But this poverty and contemplation, at first conscientiously practised, soon degenerated into beggary and idleness; and, in the reign of Constantine, the number of beggars (for they deserved no other name) professing the religion of Christ, had multiplied so as to be almost a scourge to the state. This prince, in his anxiety to check the increase of so dangerous an evil, and, at the same time, to insure assistance and relief to the votaries of a religion which he himself had embraced, constructed various hospitals to receive and maintain them; but these were of little avail, as the persons for whom they were designed preferred to wander through the country. The number of paupers increased as Europe became sunk in the darkness of the middle ages, and it was not diminished by the liberal donations which were so common. It became a sort of duty to Heaven to succour the poor and indigent. The Church of Rome forcibly recommended the plentiful distribution of alms; and, whilst the abuses and bigotry of that Church cannot be palliated, it must be allowed that it never failed in charity to the dependent classes of society. In fact, the only establishments of the time which merited the character of magnificence, were founded, in a great measure, for the relief of the poor; and the many religious houses which were so splendidly endowed, served, in many respects, as hospitals and asylums, to which the indigent flocked for assistance. In the early periods of the French monarchy, there was no lack of charitable bounty. Clovis II., who reigned in 638, dissipated all his father's wealth in feeding the poor during a year of scarcity, and in founding, on the instigation of St Lardry, Bishop of Paris, the *Hotel Dieu* of that city. Charlemagne was no less attentive to the condition of his poorer subjects; but he was more enlightened in the manner in which he displayed his charity. He published an ordinance, enforcing the necessity of each *seigneur* and *abbé* providing for the maintenance of the poor of his own territory, and preventing them from wandering over the country as beggars. He further authorised all private persons, who should detect individuals begging under the pretence of feigned infirmities, to seize them, and reduce them to servitude. But great events soon succeeded in the history of France. The irruption of the Saracens, and subsequently the spirit of the Crusades, occupied the minds of men to the exclusion of every thing else; and the legislature, in consequence, being engrossed with more critical and important matters, the number of the idle and indigent increased in the absence of any attempts to repress them.*

THE PRESENT STATE OF HUNGARY.

The Hungarian nation, ancient and picturesque, and peculiarly characterised as it is, appears to be at present little known, and perhaps still less cared for, in England. Our indifference is singularly ungrateful; for there is scarcely an European country in which the Anglo-mania rages more fiercely than in that slighted land.

The Hungarians are fond of attempting to prove a national resemblance between themselves and the English; although, as a wreck of absenteeism, Ireland might surely afford them a closer parallel: but all who are acquainted with the *morgue* and presumption of the Magyar character, can appreciate the compliment intended by the expression of such an opinion. The English language has been of late years extensively cultivated among the higher classes; and the names of our popular writers and artists have become familiar in their mouths as household words. The portraits of Scott and Byron, and engravings after the works of Wilkie and Harlowe, are among their most common domestic ornaments. I should, however, be understood to allude simply to the inhabitants of their chief cities—of Presburg, Pesth, Ofen, or Caschau; for the provinces still remain in the lowest state of mental and moral degradation.

At the University of Pesth, there is a professorial chair for the English language, with a liberal endowment. It is at present filled by an intelligent Frenchman—a soldier of Napoleon's army, who has compiled in Latin, for the use of the students, an English Grammar, Dictionary, and other class-books, which have been honoured with the commendation of the critics of Gottingen. The works first placed in the hands of the scholars of Pesth, are the *Vicar of Wakefield* and *Shakspeare's Comedies*! But the writings of Scott, Byron, and Moore, with some of our best periodicals, are in extensive circulation.

Nor are our manufactures less appreciated. I noticed that *bobinée*, or English bobbinet, was lavishly distributed upon the dresses of the recent carnival; and that the price of five hundred florins, *mon*, or fifty guineas, was affixed to a set of Staffordshire crockery in a warehouse in Buda; while the most beautiful Vienna porcelain was valued at a third of the sum. The sign of "the English Lord" adorns several distinguished tailors' shops in the capital—typified by the effigy of "a fine, gay, bold-faced villain," in top boots, a hunting frock, and a brown beaver, or in an imitation of Werther's costume.

I venture to record these unimportant circumstances, to show that, while our sole or chief acquaintance with Hungary is derived from Dr Bright's excellent volume, there is scarcely an event of English life—a folly of London fashion—or an invention of British industry, which does not find admirers, and commentators, and imitators, among the Hungarians of respectable degree.

Since the publication of the work to which I have alluded, fourteen years of peace and tranquillity have done much towards the amelioration and advancement of a nation, which can scarcely claim more than to be considered as a connecting link between the barbarous and civilized Europe. Pesth—the modern capital—is extending its Regent Streets

* From a General Medical and Statistical History of the French Condition of Public Charity in France.

and Waterloo Places along the banks of the Danube and requires only a permanent bridge, to form, in its union with Buda, one of the finest cities of the Austrian States; a city exhibiting, in the ancient walls of Ofen, the dignity of historical interest; and in the opulence and activity of her modern rival, a cheering instance of commercial prosperity. It seems probable, indeed, that should some change occur in the policy of the Austrian cabinet—Hungary, with an amended constitution, may claim that place among the nations of Europe from which she has been so long degraded. Were I to describe more fully the condition of this unhappy land, and the oppression by which it is daily polluted, I might create feelings of very painful interest in its favour; but I am aware that my limited acquaintance with the language of the people, and my ignorance of the classic tongue far more familiarly in use among them, might betray me into exaggeration.—From the descriptive part of a work entitled "HUNGARIAN TALES," 3 vols. London, 1829.

THE TRUE POET.

The following account of what constitutes a true poet is from the North American Review, No. LXIV:—"The child of impulse and passion, yet retaining all the simplicity and easy confiding faith of childhood; impatient, impetuous, and full of life, with the blood ever running races through his veins, yet ever under the guidance of reason—not cold and pale as she is wont to be painted, but wise with an earnest wisdom, and warm with the glow and freshness of an earlier clime;—he must be skilled in human nature, and not only must he be familiar with the spoken word and the visible act, but with that philosophy according to which these are regulated. He must ponder deeply the motives of the heart, and be able, by a quick and divining sympathy, to penetrate into its very retirements. He must cherish his imagination, and cultivate his taste, by a careful study of all those whose works give evidence that they felt within them the stirrings of the diviner mind; not to imitate, but to gain directions which may guide him to those guarded and enchanted fountains of inspiration from whence they themselves have drawn. He must be learned in all the branches of human knowledge, that his mind may be full of associations. He must become master of the most copious vocabulary, that *copia verborum*, not less important to the poet than the orator; and not only take pains to acquire command of words, but he must study into their powers, and busy himself in learning all those reflected shades and hues of meaning, which they have been tinged by association, as if they had been dipt 'in the warm flush of a rainy sunset': for this is the distinguishing peculiarity of a poetic dialect; that its words not only suggest the single and immediate idea to the mind, but come linked with a thousand beautiful, though dim, remembrances. But his most anxious labour ought to be to cultivate his own heart—to cleanse it from all the taints which it acquires by coming in contact with the world. He must strive earnestly to purify his imagination; to fill his mind with noble desires and motives; to divest himself of every selfish, local, or party prejudice; to become, in truth and in deed, a citizen of the world; to ennoble and expand his heart till it become a great sea, which shall gather tribute from the fountains of the whole earth, to purify and again give back their contributions in the shower and the fruitful dew. He must strive to make himself perfect in all good, wise, and great things, and to become a living example of that perfection upon which his soul's eye should be ever fixed. Thus educated, those restless yearnings of the spirit, those unquenchable desires, ever thirsting for satisfaction, yet never satisfied, which form the real moving power that impels the true poet forward, will be left free to act; and those high instincts 'haunting the eternal mind, a presence that will not be put by,' will find for themselves a tongue and a ready utterance."

THE DROP OF DEW.

BY ANDREW MARVELL.*

See how the orient dew,
Shed from the bosom of the morn,
Into the blowing roses,
Yet careless of its mansion new,
For the clear region where 'twas born,
Round in itself incloses:
And in its little globe's extent,
Frames as it can its native element.
How it the purple flower does slight!
Scarce touching where it lies;
But gazing back upon the skies,
Shines with a mournful light,
Like its own tear,
Because so long divided from the sphere.
Restless it rolls and insecure,
Trembling lest it grow insecure,
Till the warm sun pities its pain,
And to the skies exhales it back again.
So the soul, that drop, that ray
Of the clear fountain of eternal day,
Could it within the human flower be seen,
Remembering still its former bright,
Shuns the sweet leaves and blossoms green
And recollecting its own light,
Does in its pure and circling thoughts express
The greater heaven in an heaven less.
In how gay a figure would,
Every way it turns away;
So the world excluding round,
Yet receiving in the day;
Dark beneath but bright above,
Here disdaining, there in love;
How loose and easy hence to go;
How girt and ready to ascend;
Moving but on a point below,
It all about does upwards bend,
Such did the manna's sacred dew distil,
White and entire although congenial and chill;
Congenial on earth; but does dissolving run
Into the glories of the Almighty sun.

* A Poet of the reign of Charles II., and the friend of Milton.

FLORENCE.

WHILE the eye rests on this far-famed and beautiful city, its magnificent edifices, fine architecture, and antique buildings, rising in dark and imposing majesty, its bridges and its noble river, watering, far as the eye can reach, the vale of the lovely Arno, the mind insensibly wanders back, and recalls the days when turbulence and bloody feuds raged within the walls; when, on the surrounding amphitheatre of hills, now luxuriant with the olive and vine, and richly studded with peaceful dwellings, stood, proudly frowning, the castellated towers of the feudal chief, at once the terror and protection to the city. Of these towers scarcely a trace remains. The architecture of Florence is grand and gloomy beyond that of all other cities in Italy. Were these singular buildings displayed by greater breadth of street, or if these imposing fabrics could be translated to other cities, the vast and magnificent character which distinguishes the Tuscan style would then be seen. To this hour Florence bears the aspect of a city filled with nobles and their domestics—a city of bridges, churches, and palaces. Every building has a superb and architectural form; the streets are short, narrow, and angular, and each angle presents an architectural view, fit to be drawn for a scene in a theatre; each house is a palace, and a palace in Florence is a magnificent pile, of a square and bulky form, of a grand and gloomy aspect, with a plain front, extending from two to three hundred feet, built of huge dark grey stone, each measuring three or four feet. A coarse rubble work rises in a solid form to twenty or thirty feet in height. A great grooved stone, or slyolate, sets off the building from the street, forming a seat which runs the whole length of the front, and which, in feudal times, was occupied by the dependents of the family, who there, loitering in the sultry hours of the day, lay asleep under the shelter of the broad deep cornice, which, projecting from the roof, threw a wide shade below. The immense stones of this coarse front bear huge iron rings in capacious circles, in which sometimes were planted the banners of the family; at others, they were filled with enormous torches, which, in times of rejoicing, burned and glared, throwing a lengthened mass of lights along the walls. Not unfrequently merchandise was displayed drawn through these rings, and sometimes also they served for tying up the horses of the guests. The first range of windows, which are ten feet from the ground, are grated and barred with massive frames of iron, resembling those of a prison, and producing an effect singularly sombre and melancholy. The front of this building has, on the second floor, stately piano nobile, a plain and simple architrave. The windows are high and arched, placed at a considerable distance from each other, and are ten or fifteen in number, according to the extent of the front. They were often so high from the floor within, that in turbulent times, when the house was itself a fortress, the besieged, leaping up three or four steps to the window, would from thence view and annoy the enemy. The third story is like the second in plainness and in the size of the windows. The roof is of a flat form, with a deep cornice and bold projected soffits, which gives a grand, square, and magnificent effect to the whole edifice. The chimneys are grouped into stacks, the tops of which, increasing in bulk as they rise in height, resemble a crown; the slates with which they are constructed are placed in such a manner as to produce the effect of ventilation, having a split form, resembling the fan heads of the inside of a mushroom. This gives a rich and finished aspect to the most trivial or most undignified part of the building. Immense leaden spouts, that project three or four feet, collect the waters which, in the great rains of these countries, fall with extreme violence, descending with the rush and noise of torrents from the roof. Two or three long flat steps lead to the porch of the palace, and the entrance is by a high arched massive iron gate, the doors of which are cross-barred, studded with iron and bronze nails, and the ornaments of the panels are richly covered and embossed. The effect of these gates is very splendid. They open into a cortile or court, the base of which is encircled by a high arched colonnade, supported by marble columns. Beautiful gardens often adjoin the palace, and through a corresponding gate or iron railings the eye rests on the luxuriant verdure of rich foliage. It was under these arcades, shaded from the noontide, and cooled by the waters of the fountain which occupy the centre of the court, that the rich merchant of the east, the silks, and shawls, and fine linen, and all the valuable manufactures of Tuscany, lay spread out, as to a place of exchange; while under vast arched and vaulted chambers was stored the wealth which was there brought for sale. Entering from this court, a great stair-case leads to a suite of noble chambers, halls, and saloons, hung with silks and richly adorned. The lofty ceilings are finely painted; the beams are always displayed, but are carved, ornamented, and gilded, so as to form a splendid part of the whole. The arcades of the court support the galleries, which, in former times, were generally filled with fine paintings, statues, vases, and precious relics of antiquity. In such palaces, the rulers, the magistrate, the noble, and the merchant, dined, surrounded by their family and adherents. The manner of the times bore a character of manly simplicity, which singularly contrasted with the splendour of the rich possessions, and the importance of their political sway among nations.—*Bell's Italy.*

OLD BURGH LAWS.

THERE is an old work, called "QUONIAM ATTACHMENTA" (because these are the first two words in the Latin copy), which contains all the laws for regulating society in our royal burghs, about the time of Robert Bruce, and his immediate successors. Many of these laws cast a very steady light upon the state of Scotland at that time, so far as the mercantile part of the community was concerned; and we therefore think it may be worth while to present a few extracts to our readers, so that they may form a judgment as to the comparative comforts of that and the present age.

Whenever a burghess in those days happened to die, his heir-at-law could claim certain of his goods and chattels, whatever might be the directions of the testament. From the list of articles which could be so claimed, we arrive at a tolerably distinct idea of the furniture of a burghess's house at that period. Mention is made of "the best board (table), one board-claith, one towel, one basin, one lawer, the principall bed with the sheits, and the rest of the claiths pertaining to one bed, one feather-bed, the best leid, with the masking-fatt, one gyll-fatt, one barrrell, one gallon, one kettill, one brander, one posnett, one bag to put money in, one calcruike, one chimney, one water-pot, one kist, one kuke, one pleugh, one wane, one cart, one charit, the greatest brassen pott, and one littell pot and pan, one roasting-iron, one girdill, one mortar, one pastell, one dish, one dibler, one charger, one cuppie; gif there be twelve or mae spunes, the heire shall have twelve; gif there be bot twelve, or fewer, he should have bot ane; he shall also have one steele, one furnse, one flail, the weyes, with the wichts, one spaid, and one aix."*

From the forms of challenge for the Chamberlain air, a kind of convention of burghs held at Edinburgh, it appears that a shameful degree of turpitude and faithlessness pervaded almost every portion of the community, and that the laws were completely disregarded even by their proper ministers; as, had not such been the case, the Chamberlain could never have supposed it possible for men to commit such flagrant acts of impropriety as the following:—The taster of aill "sa filled his belly in the time of tasting," that he lost the very taste of his mouth, and could not give a discreet opinion of the liquor submitted to his judgment. The fleshers sold their meat in secret places, and not in their open booths. The baxters did not make their bread in loaves agreeable to the money of the realm, as "bread for one pennie, bread for one half-pennie, and bread for one farthing;" neither did they make all the kinds of bread required by law, as "one fidge, symmel, wastell, pure clean breade, mixed bread, and bread of trayt." The millers occupied a greater space betwixt the "happer and the millstane for their awn profite than the law permitted; which was nae mair space nor one somner wand of one hazel tree." But the *souters* were the greatest rogues of all. They "made shoon, boots, and other graith, before the hides were barkit;" and they never scrupled to sew their goods with "false rotten threid, throu the quhilk the shoon are tint before they are half-worne." These consummate rascals, also, "did not give their leather gude oil and tauch [tallow], but water and salt!" The enormities of the tailleurs seem to have been nothing more than those alleged so oft against their descendants; for they were constantly making "over mickle refuse and skaithis in men's claiths," and "took pieces and shreds, and other small things."

Great anxiety is expressed in the burgh laws, that persons having goods to sell should not conceal the fact, but expose them fairly in open booths. Fleshers are ordered to put their flesh "into their open windows." Brewster wives are threatened with a fine of four pennies if they do not "put furth ane syne of their aill, without the house, by the window or by the dure, so that it may be seen as common to all men." Bakers are commanded, also, to expose their bread either in their windows or in the market-place—"not to hide it, otherwise they shall pay a fyne of eight shillings." All persons, in general, dealing in the necessities of life within the burgh, are commanded to sell to all people, strangers as well as indwellers, and never to withhold any articles for their own use, if otherwise required, above the value of four pennies. It may seem strange that traders should have long ago required such a command—every man being now as anxious to sell as any mortal can possibly be to buy. In fact, it would appear as if the system of that ingenious speculator, Mr John Gray,* had been in force in the thirteenth century, against the public will. The circumstances of the country must be considered for the true explanation of the mystery. In those early times, when the system of communication was so imperfect, it might sometimes be difficult to procure supplies of goods, and in the case of there being only one dealer of a particular article in a town, he would feel himself under no necessity of being civil to his customers—might even affect to sell his goods rather by way of favour than according to the modern ideas of merchants.

The trade of the baker was, in those days, very important; and the inquirer into the early history of our trade corporations is constantly puzzled to account for the great numbers of this craft, which seems so irreconcilable with the recently universal practice, among even the middle ranks, of baking coarse barley and oatmeal bread for family use. In the early times we are refer-

* We get an idea of the accoutrements of the Scottish soldiery of Bruce's time, from the statute attributed to him, in the volume entitled the "Regium Magisterium." Every man having ten pounds worth of land was to have for his body, and for defence of the realm, "an sufficient sword, one basnet, and one glove of plate, with one spear and arrow. Quha has not ane acton and basnet, shall have ane gude habergeon, and ane gude sirn jak for his body, and ane sirn knapsack, and gloves of plate." Every man having the value of a cow in gude "shall have ane bow with ane schaff of arrows, that is, twenty four arrows, or ane spear."

to the people must have had ovens in many cases wherein to bake their own bread; for it is statuted that no man have such an oven unless he be a king's burghess. It also appears to have been customary for a person to keep an oven for the use of his neighbours. Such an establishment was attended by four servants, each of whom had a small fee from every one who used it.

The price of goods was in those days a matter of state regulation—not, we are persuaded, from a disposition to embarrass trade or tyrannise over the mercantile classes, but simply as a *dernier resort* to protect the people at large from imposition. The price of mutton, for instance, was to be nineteen pennies for the whole carcass from Whitsunday till the feast of St James, ten pennies from that till Michaelmas, and one penny from Michaelmas till Pasch [Easter]. Brewster wives were restricted to sell their ale at two pennies per gallon between Pasch and Michaelmas, and one penny from Michaelmas till Pasch. This useful class of persons are enjoined to brew according to the consuetude of the burgh, otherwise they shall be suspended from their office of brewing. "And gif she makes gude aill, that is sufficient. But gif she makes evill aill, she shall pay an unlaw of sucht shillings," and be set on "the cock-stule." "The like is to be understood of mead as of evill aill."

It was not allowable in those days for any body to travel during the night, except to bring a priest to a sick man, to carry corn to the mill, or to pursue stolen goods. And even in these cases, it was necessary for the person travelling to make himself known to his neighbours before going away, and to the inhabitants of the towns through which he passed. No person was permitted to harbour a stranger longer than a night, unless he gave a pledge for him. All of these are sure signs of the insecurity of the times.

To conclude this picture of the wisdom and comfort of our ancestors, there was a solemn statute by King David the Second, that, if any man kill his neighbour's dog, he "shall walk [watch] or keep his midden for the space of a year and day," thereby compensating for the services of the deceased Argus, and at the same time enduring that pain and trouble due as the punishment of so grave an offence.

ANECDOTES.

On Burns's first appearance in Edinburgh he was introduced, among many others, to Mr Taylor, the overweening parochial schoolmaster of Currie, who was also a competitor in verse-making, and whose opinion of his own merits far overbalanced what little estimation he might have formed of the plain unlettered peasant of Ayrshire, whose name was as yet new to the public. Mr H—, at whose table Burns was a frequent guest, invited Taylor one day to dine with them, when the evening was spent with the usual good humour and jocularly. Taylor had brought his manuscript poems, a few of which were read to Burns, for his favourable opinion previous to printing. Some of the passages were odd enough, such as,

"Rin, little bookie, round the world loup,

Whilst I in grave do lie wi' a cauld coup."

At which Burns laughed exceedingly. Notwithstanding the pedantic and absurd perversity of the poems, he gave him a commendatory line to the printer. Next morning Mr H— meeting Taylor, inquired of him what he thought of the Ayrshire poet. "Hoot," quoth the self-adoring pedagogue, "the lad'll do—considering his want o' leary, the lad's weel enough."

An appreciation of self over the superior accomplishments of others, is not confined to the schoolmaster of Currie, as the two following anecdotes, here printed for the first time, will show:—

Commodore Elliot, who distinguished himself so much by capturing Thurot, was one day crossing the Frith of Forth in a Kinghorn pinnace, and, for want of any thing better to amuse himself with, he asked permission to steer the vessel. "Gad, Sir," said the Commodore, when he used to relate the anecdote, "I thought myself a good steersman. I had taken the helm of my own vessel, when chasing Thurot. It did not appear, however, that my qualifications made a great impression upon the master of this boat; for, soon after, I heard him say to his son (a lurching boy), 'Jock, tak the helm out o' that man's hand, for he canna steer nane.'"

Formerly an old man used to excite the commiseration of the passengers between Leith and Edinburgh, by his screeching performance on a wretched clarinet. One day a distinguished clarinet player, who had been brought down from London for a kind of musical festival, happened to come within hearing of this poor old man. He went up, and, begging a loan of the instrument, fitted on a new mouth-piece, and played a tune in his usual brilliant style. The friend of the performer then asked the old man what he thought of it. "Oh, if he practises," said the mendicant, "he'll aiblins come on."

* See a very extraordinary book recently published under the title of the "Social System," where it is proposed to substitute an universal combination for the present system of competition, and thereby render the demand necessarily commensurate with the supply.

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